THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

PUBLIC attention during the week has been absorbed by the proceedings of MR. PARNELL. Once again he has given evidence of the full strength of his extraordinary personality. On Saturday morning last the newspapers contained a "manifesto" from his pen, the purpose of which was to divert the attention of the Irish people from his own personal misdeeds, and to cover his fall by rousing their indignation against their Liberal allies. The document coolly ignored all that had happened in the Divorce Court. MR. PARNELL presented himself as a spotless hero to the Irish people, and represented that the real cause of MR. GLADSTONE'S letter was the fact that he had discovered that he could no longer rely upon MR. PARNELL to accept his scheme of Home Rule for Ireland. This statement was supported by a recital of what had passed a year ago, at the time when MR. PARNELL was a visitor at Hawarden. With a cool effrontery for which it is difficult to find a parallel, MR. PARNELL repeated conversations which he said had taken place under strict seal of confidence at the time when he was the guest of MR. GLADSTONE. He declared that he had at once seen through the scheme of MR. GLADSTONE, and had strongly dissented from his proposals. Further, MR. PARNELL, having broken the confidence reposed in him by MR. GLADSTONE, went on to treat MR. MORLEY in the same fashion, asserting that the latter had asked him whether he would accept the post of Irish Secretary in the next Liberal Administration.

THE manifesto was as clever as it was infamous, and if it had come from the hand of a man who was not in the desperate position occupied by MR. PARNELL, it must have had a great effect on the opinion of the public. As it was, whilst none could fail to be sensible of the treachery of his conduct in breaking the seal of confidence which rests on the communications of political allies, most persons at once refused to credit his representation of what had passed between himself and MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MORLEY. A few hours after the appearance of the manifesto both MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MORLEY gave an emphatic contradiction to MR. PARNELL'S statement, and thus effectually disposed of it. But his deliberate falsification of what had passed at Hawarden was also proved out of his own mouth, for speeches were quickly produced, delivered after his visit to Hawarden, in which he expressed entire satisfaction with his interview with MR. GLADSTONE, and referred to that statesman as "our great leader." When the first of these speeches was laid before MR. PARNELL, he sought, in characteristic fashion, to evade the exposure by professing that it was delivered immediately after his visit to Hawarden, and before he had time to realise the true character of MR. GLADSTONE'S plan. Forthwith, however, he was confronted with another speech, delivered some six months later, in which he had said the same thing. In short, the plainest possible proof was given to the world that his manifesto was a tissue of deliberate and cleverly concocted lies.

THE first result of the exposure of his own infamy which was thus made by the member for Cork was exceedingly characteristic. He at once found himself taken back into the favour of the Tories. He had deliberately proved himself to be a still greater offender against the laws of honour and good faith than they had believed him to be; but as he had turned with ferocity upon the Liberal party, and had striven to recover the position lost by his own degrading amours by attacking men who had sacrificed much for the cause to which he professed to be devoted, he found himself forthwith applauded and encouraged in the Tory and Liberal Unionist newspapers. But throughout the Liberal party the revelation of his true character which MR. PARNELL so tardily made produced a startling revulsion of feeling. An amazed indignation at the unparalleled effrontery of his conduct prevailed in all quarters. Naturally enough it was the personal incident of his gross treachery towards MR. GLADSTONE which roused most feeling among English and Scotch Liberals—and, indeed, it would be difficult to match the perfidy of that shameless episode. But it is hardly necessary to say that a far greater crime than that of which he was guilty when he forgot every obligation which gentlemen feel in their intercourse with each other, was his deliberate act of treason towards Ireland. Not to serve her either directly or indirectly, but in order to escape from the penalty imposed upon him as the consequence of the disgraceful amour in which he has been absorbed for many years past, he deliberately sought to wreck the one hope of the Irish people by destroying their alliance with the English Liberals.

WHETHER he will succeed in this object is still uncertain. The fight he has made during the week for his leadership in the Irish party has shown all the tenacity and strength of his character. It is no exaggeration to say that there is no other man living who could have fought with such savage energy, with such entire absence of scruple of any kind, with such unquailing hardihood as he has shown. A tigress robbed of her whelps could not have surpassed him in ferocity or persistence, and it is impossible to withhold a certain meed of admiration from the man. But the admiration changes to loathing and contempt when we remember all that is at issue in the struggle; when we see that for purely selfish purposes MR. PARNELL has been tearing down the edifice reared with patient and suffering hands, under his direction, by his fellow-countrymen. The iniquity of cold-blooded selfishness like his effaces the just admiration of his courage and unscrupulous resourcefulness.

ALL the leading members of the Irish party, including MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, MR. SEXTON, MR. DILLON, and MR. O'BRIEN, have openly withstood their old leader, and have declared that it is no longer possible that he should hold his present place in the party. The Irish bishops have, in the same sense, formally pronounced against him. But in this extremity he has made his appeal to the more reckless or desperate section of the Home Rulers. Still commanding the machinery of the National League, he has not found it difficult to secure votes of confidence in many quarters in Ireland, and unquestionably he has still a strong following there, who have not yet grasped the fact that his continued leadership means ruin to the

Home Rule cause. The vote of the Irish party which was taken on Tuesday showed that there was a considerable majority opposed to MR. PARNELL. But by dilatory tactics that person has sought to prevent any final decision on the question of his leadership until he has organised support in Ireland and among the more violent section of Irishmen in America. A "compromise" between himself and his opponents was talked of on Wednesday. It was founded upon an understanding that he should retire in the event of the Irish party procuring a guarantee from MR. GLADSTONE that his Home Rule Bill, when brought before Parliament, would provide for the immediate transfer of the police to the control of the Irish Government, and the settlement of the Land Question on certain lines.

THIS proposal, though it has very much the appearance of a red-herring drawn across the path of his opponents, was finally accepted in a modified form on Thursday afternoon by MR. SEXTON and MR. HEALY. MR. PARNELL gave a promise that if the majority of the Irish members were satisfied with the assurances given by MR. GLADSTONE on the questions of the Police and the Land, he would at once withdraw from public life. It was arranged that a deputation from the Irish party should meet MR. GLADSTONE, MR. MORLEY, and SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT yesterday morning, and upon the result of this meeting must depend the fate not only of MR. PARNELL, but of the Home Rule party. We are not able to comment upon the meeting or its momentous consequences in this issue. It is only fair to MR. HEALY, MR. SEXTON, and the other opponents of MR. PARNELL, to say that this compromise has involved on their part no abatement of their strenuous opposition to MR. PARNELL, and no diminution of their determination to maintain a loyal alliance with the English Liberals.

THE incident of MR. PARNELL'S fight for life has so completely absorbed attention during the week that all other questions have sunk into comparative insignificance. Even Parliament has attracted little attention compared with the proceedings in the Committee-room where the cause of Irish freedom was being lost or won. Yet remarkable has been the course of events in Parliament during the week. On Monday the Tithes Bill was read a second time, an amendment moved by MR. STUART RENDEL, declaring the tithe to be national property, being defeated by 224 to 130 votes. On Tuesday the second reading of the Irish Land Bill was moved, and discussed in the absence of the Irish members. On Wednesday afternoon the second reading was carried by the large majority of 268 to 130, several of the Irish members voting in favour of the Bill. For the moment the Opposition has been practically paralysed by the confusion in the Irish party.

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at Waterfoot, in the Rossendale division, on Wednesday was not a very notable contribution to the study of a complex and perplexing political situation. There was, it need hardly be said, a certain ring of jubilation in his utterances which has been wanting in them for a long time past. LORD SALISBURY does not echo the talk of the people who in some of the London clubs declare that "MRS. O'SHEA ought to have a statue," but he is not unconscious of the fact that MR. PARNELL has rendered the present Ministry a service which they could never have done for themselves. Still his speech adds nothing to our knowledge of the situation, and his bold reference to MR. GLADSTONE'S supposed inaccuracy in statement comes with an ill grace from the man who is responsible for the famous denial of the authenticity of the SCHOUVALOFF memorandum.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has been delivering himself in very oracular fashion in the *Times* on the subject of GENERAL BOOTH'S scheme. His objection to a benevolent scheme for rescuing our social outcasts is based upon the fact that it is associated with "that form of somewhat corybantic Christianity of which the soldiers of the Salvation Army are the militant missionaries." He expresses his doubts as to whether GENERAL BOOTH can be depended upon to use the vast powers he will possess under the scheme not only honestly but wisely, and he evidently doubts whether the Salvation Army is doing any good whatever. All of which shows that in matters of sociology the Professor abandons those rigid logical tests which he applies in all scientific inquiries.

ON Thursday the Directors of the Bank of England reduced their rate of discount from 6 to 5 per cent. Four weeks ago yesterday they put up the rate in preparation for the BARING catastrophe, and now that the crisis is over they have put it down again. Perhaps they would have wished to keep it up for some time longer, but the banks and the discount houses had taken the bit in their teeth, and by unwise competition had forced the rate in the open market below 4 per cent. Seemingly the Directors of the Bank of England thought it impossible to contend against the banks and discount houses; but it is to be hoped that they will now endeavour to regain control of the outside market, and make the 5 per cent. rate effective. If they do not, it appears to be certain that much gold will be exported to New York and to Berlin, and that the Bank will lose the metal almost as rapidly as it lately received it. Should that happen, there will be a revival of alarm, and the spring will again be a very difficult time. The price of silver, on Monday, rose to 48$\frac{3}{4}$d. per ounce, and fell the next day to 48$\frac{1}{2}$d. per ounce. The great operators in America are again endeavouring to get up a speculation. They are starting it by an agitation for free coinage, by reports that India will buy large amounts during the next three or four months, and by a foolish rumour that the Bank of England will be authorised to issue £1 notes against silver. But as there is a large accumulation of the metal in America, it is difficult to see how the speculation can succeed.

THE Stock Markets have been quieter this week than last. On Tuesday and Wednesday, indeed, it looked as if the New York market was giving way, but there has been another recovery. The Paris Bourse continues very strong, and the action of the committee appointed to inquire into Argentine finance has been regarded favourably. The Committee consisted of seven members—five English, one French, and one German. The French and the German members withdrew on Tuesday, as they wished for a loan to be made to the Argentine Republic, which was to have a preference over existing loans. The English members objected, and continued their deliberations on Wednesday, when they adopted a resolution to the effect, it is said, that the coupons for the next three years should be funded, and should be a special charge upon the Customs revenue. In real fact, the decision comes to this, that the Argentine Republic is insolvent, and for three years will be unable to pay cash, and that for the present, therefore, it is useless to elaborate any arrangement. Strange to say, the Stock Exchange took a favourable view of this conclusion, and on Thursday put up Argentine Securities. If there are no political troubles in Buenos Ayres, matters may remain smooth for a while, but there must be a reaction before long when the facts of the situation are thoroughly understood; for not only is the Argentine Republic insolvent: our own difficulties are not yet all got over, there is distrust and lock-up also in America, the Berlin Bourse is very weak, and Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Greek finances are in an exceedingly bad way.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

IT is useless to speculate upon possibilities which will have become certainties before these lines meet the reader's eye. The prolonged struggle in the Committee Room at Westminster has ended in a compromise between the chief members of the Irish party and the man who until a few days ago was their acknowledged leader. We are not among those who blame Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy for having, at the close of a long and exhausting struggle, grasped at a possible solution of a most difficult problem. Their own leaders, Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, are absent from the scene. The traitor who has betrayed the cause to which they are devoted is in actual possession of power, commands the money and the organisation of the party, can at any moment manufacture demonstrations of confidence in himself, and has at his command a small knot of entirely unscrupulous and desperate henchmen, who have openly avowed that they are prepared for any deed in order to support their leader. In these circumstances, no Englishman can blame Mr. Parnell's opponents for having yielded so far to his insolent demands as to agree that a deputation of their party shall meet the Liberal leaders. It had become evident that only in this manner could a peaceable solution of the great difficulty be attained. If Mr. Parnell remains at the head of his party, the Irish cause is ruined, and Home Rule will be postponed indefinitely. If, as the result of the arrangement effected on Thursday night, he retires, and the Irish Members find themselves united under other leadership, there is no reason why the victory, which a few weeks ago seemed to be actually within their grasp, should not be reaped before many months are over. It ought to be said, in defence of the majority of the Irish members, that the proposal which they finally accepted on Thursday afternoon was not that which Mr. Parnell had sought to force upon them on the previous day. The original proposal was that Mr. Parnell should alone be the judge of any communication from Mr. Gladstone. The proposal actually agreed to was that the majority of the Irish members should decide upon the question at issue.

The general political outlook at this moment is undoubtedly a stormy one. The cyclone has been so severe, the gale has blown from so many different quarters during the past ten days, that the most weather-wise of prophets will hesitate to utter any prediction as to the probable course of events. We cannot pretend to deny that the Tories are justified in their exultation over the action of Mr. Parnell. Whatever may be the final outcome of the present struggle, the member for Cork has rendered valuable service to Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour. They on their side seem not indisposed to recognise that service, by the tone of respect they have suddenly assumed towards the man whom they hated so bitterly in the past. But the Tory jubilation, which is the characteristic feature of to-day, may be just as ill-judged as the depression which prevails among certain sections of Liberals. When the storm has blown itself out, when the earthquake has ceased, when the day has dawned once more—then, and not till then, can we estimate all the effects of the incidents of the past fortnight. Wise men will keep their heads, and try to control their tongues until then; for when at last stock is taken of the political situation it may be found to be something entirely different from that which it now seems to be.

In the meantime, however, there are one or two plain considerations which it is desirable, as far as possible, to impress upon the minds of Liberals. The first is that the merits of the Irish demand for Home Rule are in no degree affected by the shameless perfidy of Mr. Parnell. With that person no English Liberal will ever again be able to work. But the cause of justice to Ireland is not affected by his sins. Mr. Gladstone, in the letter to a Bassetlaw elector, which appeared in yesterday morning's papers, put the case in few words, but with admirable force and clearness. The fact that Ireland has been smitten on one cheek by her treacherous leader is no reason why we, who have professed to be her friends, should smite her on the other. We trust that the election for Bassetlaw will at least afford evidence of the fact that the Liberals of England can distinguish between principles and individuals, and that they are prepared yet once more to reaffirm every word regarding the iniquitous system now being enforced by Mr. Balfour in Ireland, which they uttered before the great treason of Mr. Parnell.

It is just possible—so strange and unexpected are often the effects of these political tornadoes—that one result of the crisis will be to draw towards Mr. Gladstone no inconsiderable section of the Dissentient Liberals. Since the publication of his letter to Mr. Morley he has, we believe, received many communications from those who have not recently been found among his political supporters, expressing their warm appreciation of the great service he has rendered to his country. There are not a few who, since the appearance of Mr. Parnell's manifesto, have been constrained to admit that, whatever else Mr. Gladstone may be, he is at least no "Separatist," no gambler playing with the highest interests of his country as a stake. Some of these may take the present opportunity to return to their allegiance to a leader whom they love, and a cause to which they have been long devoted. They will meet with a hearty welcome; but their reception must not be understood to imply that the Liberal party has abated one jot or tittle of its demand that Ireland shall be made contented by being made free.

There is one matter on which we trust that English Liberals will lose no time in taking action. The mission to the United States which Mr. Balfour tried in vain to prevent, and which has been carried out by Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien at so much risk to themselves, has come to a sudden end. It has been ruined by the treason of Mr. Parnell. In a few days the two Irish leaders now on the other side of the Atlantic will be on their way back to this country to meet their fate as common criminals. The Liberals of England will disgrace themselves if they desert these noble men in their present hour of deepest depression. Their loyalty to the English alliance has been conspicuous throughout the crisis, and has been magnificent in its unselfishness. They are coming back now to suffer an iniquitous sentence passed for merely political purposes by a tribunal, the impartiality of which is denied by everyone. If Mr. Balfour were a chivalrous man we know that the prison doors would never close upon Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, to neither of whom does any greater degree of criminality belong than that which attaches to Mr. Balfour himself. But if the Irish Secretary, to serve his own ends, carries out his purpose against those distinguished men, it will be for Englishmen to make the full iniquity of the transaction apparent to their fellow-countrymen. For our part, we should hail a General Election next week with perfect confidence if one of the issues to be decided by it were whether John Dillon and William O'Brien should or should not be held in bondage at the will of Mr. Arthur Balfour.

MR. PARNELL UNMASKED.

MR. PARNELL has done what none of his enemies, with all their malignity and all their ability, were able to do. He has unmasked himself to the world. The revelation he has made, since we last wrote, of his real character, is such that even the most hardened man of the world shrinks almost as much in horror as in disgust from the spectacle that is presented to us—a spectacle that is truly dishonouring to human nature. No one can accuse us of having been eager to denounce Mr. Parnell. On the contrary, we have had to rebuke the indecent haste of the persons who were so anxious to advertise themselves as the champions of social purity, that they slandered the whole Irish people along with their leader. It is but a week ago that we ventured to point out what, up to that moment, had certainly distinguished Mr. Parnell—a curious indifference to revenge which amounted to something very like magnanimity. It is with no slight grief that we now recognise the fact that this apparent feature of his character was only part of the mask he had donned, the better to dupe and betray the nation which had trusted him. For it is now apparent that Mr. Parnell has committed the greatest crime of which any man aspiring to play a responsible part in public life can be guilty. For his selfish ends, in order to extricate himself if possible from a dilemma in which his own vice had placed him, he has betrayed his country. To all men of honour in England, it seems much that he should have abused the confidence of Mr. Gladstone, and with hardened ingratitude turned upon the man who had done so much for him and for Ireland. The Liberals of Great Britain will neither forget nor forgive this base and inexcusable deed. But his treachery to the Irish people is a thousand times worse than his gross disloyalty to any individual, however eminent, however worthy of reverence and gratitude. Mr. Parnell, after leading the nation which followed him so loyally to the very verge of the Promised Land, has on the eve of victory deliberately done his utmost to destroy their hopes, to wreck their cause, and to betray their confidence. No great public object, it must be remembered, has inspired him to this act of unparalleled iniquity. For the past week he has been fighting like a wild cat, flying at his best friends, slandering and abusing those who have been his truest adherents, using every unfair weapon that an absolutely unscrupulous man can employ, in order to do what? To destroy his country for the purpose of saving himself from the consequences of the disgraceful *liaison* to which the last ten years of his life have really been devoted.

Beside infamy so deep as this all Mr. Parnell's other offences sink into insignificance. Even his betrayal of the confidence of Mr. Gladstone can hardly count by the side of his betrayal of the people who had trusted him. A colossal selfishness, accompanied by a falseness of nature so deeply ingrained that it enters into all the relationships of his life, is now seen to be the secret which has so long been hidden under the mysterious surface of the ex-Irish leader's character. In order to get possession of a worthless woman, he was not content to lie to her husband. He must needs lie also to his party, and prostitute the cause to which he pretended to be devoted, in order to secure the gratification of his passion. When his sin had found him out, and when it had become clear to everybody that his retirement from the leadership of his party was absolutely necessary if that party were to be saved from ruin, he turned a deaf ear to those friends and supporters who pointed out to him the path of duty; and when at last he found that the alliance between him and his old colleagues was no longer possible, he turned upon all—Englishmen and Irishmen alike—with a fury which may well give rise to doubts as to his sanity. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley are traduced, misrepresented, abused, and held up to the contempt of the Irish people on the pitiful pretext that they are engaged in an intrigue to destroy the independence of the Nationalist party in Ireland; and almost in the same breath, with a sublime indifference to consistency, Mr. Parnell turns upon all the leading members of that party—Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Healy, Mr. Justin McCarthy—and pours upon their heads the full fury of his malignant invective. Deliberately, with impious hand, he strikes at that union between Englishmen and Irishmen in which is to be found the one hope of the latter. Home Rule must be wrecked; the Liberal party must be destroyed; Mr. Balfour must be maintained in power; the aspirations of the Irish people must be shattered; anything and everything must happen, rather than that his consuming selfishness should meet with a wound.

The wickedness of this line of action is in no degree diminished by the fact that he still has some dupes among Irishmen, who fail to see that Mr. Parnell is bent upon bringing ruin upon their country in order to avenge himself for the ruin which, through his own act, has already overtaken his political career. One might have supposed that the eyes of these people would have been opened by the manifesto of last Saturday—a document as infamous as any to which the name of Titus Oates was ever appended. But apparently neither that display of the treachery of the writer, nor the ill-concealed delight with which his treason is hailed by the whole body of Coercionists, can shake the blind faith of some of his followers in their leader. They, too, we may rest assured, will live to have their eyes opened, and to rue the day when they trusted to the betrayer of their country.

It is pleasant to turn from the spectacle of Mr. Parnell's impotent fury, and from the blindness of those who still follow him, to the action of the Irish leaders. There have been few debates in Parliament in the lifetime of the present generation which have equalled in interest that which has been carried on this week by the Irish members in one of the smaller chambers at Westminster; and there has been none which has surpassed it either in the ability displayed or in the high tone maintained by most of the speakers. Always excepting Mr. Parnell himself—who has abused the privileges of the chair from first to last throughout the discussions—the temper shown by the Irish members has been admirable. Not only have they given proof of their fitness for the right of self-government, but they have splendidly vindicated their loyalty to their friends and allies in England. Every sneer at "the union of hearts" has been silenced by the action taken by the delegates in America, and by such men as Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy in this country. It only remains for English Liberals to be loyal to their Irish brethren in this supreme agony of their long struggle. Betrayed by the chief whom they had loved and followed so long, they demand at this moment the special sympathy and help of those to whom the cause of justice for Ireland is not a sham; and we are convinced that this sympathy and help will not be withheld from them. The cause of justice is eternal; it cannot be shaken by any defection on the part of a single man, however powerful that man may be; and the Liberals of Great Britain would be false to every principle they profess if they were now to abandon the people who have trusted them, even amid a crisis like that of the past week.

MR. BURT.

THE Eighty Club has done itself honour by the honour it has done to Mr. Burt. Sixteen years ago, at the time of deepest depression in the Liberal party, when the new House of Commons, elected after Mr. Gladstone's dramatic dissolution of Parliament in February, 1874, met to enter upon an era of Democratic Toryism, it possessed one novel feature. Two of its members—both Liberals—came into the House avowedly as working-class representatives. One of these, the late Mr. Macdonald, had long ceased to be a working man, and differed but little from many of his colleagues. The other was Mr. Burt—the first real working man elected to Parliament in modern times. He came into the House as a stranger, and though an article in the *Standard* bespoke for the newcomer a welcome in that hitherto exclusive assembly, it was more than could reasonably be expected of human nature that he should be looked upon in the first instance altogether without suspicion.

A young Northumbrian coal-miner, who but recently had actually worked in the pit, and who was still the secretary of a Trades Union, was not a man whom the average Member of Parliament in 1874 was altogether inclined to take to his heart. It is true that Mr. Burt brought some curious credentials with him. It was known that at the dinner which his supporters, the Bedlington miners, gave in honour of his victory, there had been one unexpected guest. His opponent had been the late Colonel Duncan; and at this congratulatory feast Colonel Duncan sat by Mr. Burt's side, and was by no means the coldest in sounding his praises. It was a chivalrous act on the part of Colonel Duncan, and it helped to smooth the new member's path at St. Stephen's. But before many years had passed, Mr. Burt had made his own position in the House of Commons, a position which was in many respects unique. Speaking in the honest Doric of his native county, he had won the ear of Parliament, not by any tricks of eloquence, but by a modesty, a gentleness, and a sincerity which none could fail to recognise. It is no secret now that there are few men in Parliament more popular or more universally respected than Mr. Burt. If he speaks but seldom, he never speaks without being listened to. If he has never held office, has never met with that more vulgar kind of success which some of those working men who have followed him to Westminster have gained, he has secured that peculiar kind of influence in the House of Commons which only men of the highest moral worth, and of the finest spirit, have ever attained to. Some years ago one of the most distinguished members of the House of Lords was asked to name the two men who, in his opinion, were the ideal gentlemen of the House of Commons. Without hesitation he pronounced Sir Stafford Northcote to be one of the two, and then he paused. "You may, perhaps, be surprised when I give you the name of the other," he said, "but I do not even put him behind Sir Stafford. It is Mr. Burt, the representative of the miners."

This is the man who followed great statesmen, brilliant orators, and important political leaders as the honoured guest of the Eighty Club on Tuesday evening last. It was a pleasant sight to see that large gathering of the youth and intelligence of English Liberalism met to do honour to the unpretending man who almost alone in the company did not wear evening dress, and whose speech was that of "the Coaly Tyne" rather than of Isis or of Cam. It was still more pleasant to listen to the manly and outspoken words in which he gave counsel to the young men before him. There may have been more brilliant speeches than his delivered at previous meetings of the Club; but there can have been none more lofty in spirit, more cogent in argument, or more practical in its conclusions. It was the vexed question of the limitation of hours of labour by the State that formed the text of Mr. Burt's address; but in the speech itself he covered a wider field, and discussed the grave subject of the relations of rich and poor in that legislative arena in which the poor are now the masters of the rich. So far as the Eight Hours Bill is concerned, Mr. Burt is notoriously opposed to that measure. Like many other persons, he has never discovered how it is to be enforced, and within what limits it is to be applied. Himself an earnest advocate of the shortening of hours of work to any practicable extent, he fails to see that the Legislature can step in to fix a hard and fast line without bringing about a worse state of things than that which it seeks to remedy. The representative and leader throughout many years of the miners of Northumberland in their relations with the masters, he can look at the case of the employer as well as at that of the employed, and can recognise the fact that the interests of both are in the main identical. The enemy during many years of class legislation, he shrinks from the notion that the first act of a really democratic Parliament must be to pass a class measure in the interests of the working men.

Nor does he for a moment believe that this is the desire of the working men themselves. Knowing them well, one of their own number, he claims for them that they are at least not more selfish or short-sighted than their social superiors, whose days of supremacy are at an end. It is delightful to recognise the fine faith in his order, the large hopefulness, the wise moderation which inspire his public life. No one, indeed, can listen long to Mr. Burt without feeling that political sagacity, breadth of view, and a noble tolerance in judgment, are not the monopoly of any single class. Those who send such a man as Mr. Burt to Parliament, and who allow him to speak in their name, are of the same flesh and blood, aye, and of the same cast of mind, as the best and proudest class amongst us.

There was one point in Mr. Burt's address to which too much attention could hardly be paid. This was his urgent appeal to the young men before him who are seeking to enter Parliament, not to sacrifice conviction to expediency, never to buy votes by the simple method of surrendering their own individual judgment to the pressure of others. From the lips of many men advice of this kind would have sounded very like a mockery; from the lips of Mr. Burt it comes as the simple confession of a noble life. On this question of the Eight Hours Bill there is room for inquiry, for discussion, for patient consideration; but there is no room for the kind of almost brutal intolerance which seems to commend itself to some of the advocates of State intervention. If we are to be hustled to a decision on a question of such vast importance, before all the bearings of that question have been set before us; before, indeed, we have actually been made acquainted with some of the most important conditions of the proposed solution, our decision will inevitably be a mistaken one.

Mr. Burt, in his earnest appeal to Liberal candidates to think for themselves on this subject, and to give the constituencies they are wooing the full benefit of their own best judgment, not only did much to strengthen the moral tone of our public life, but added another to the many services he has already rendered to the class of which he is the foremost representative and spokesman in the House of Commons.

THE IRISH LAND PURCHASE BILL.

WHAT is to be said of the new Irish Land Bill, of which the second reading was carried on Wednesday afternoon by a majority of 138 in a much smaller House than a measure of such magnitude deserves? For convenience sake it appears this time in two parts, the first part connecting with the existing Land Purchase Acts, and comprising the absolutely essential features of the scheme (including the provisions as to congested districts); the second (which at the time we write is not yet obtainable) embodying a mass of detailed provisions subsidiary to carrying that scheme out. This treatment gives it a certain appearance of simplicity, which is as illusory as the securities provided by it for the British taxpayer. Every provision raises all sorts of questions—some suggesting their own answers, some highly technical, and some which cannot possibly be answered without the gift of prophecy. Will not tenants put illegitimate pressure on their landlord to sell at the same rate as his neighbours? Will not the landlord, aided by the Coercion Act, prevent that combination among his tenants which—as in a wages dispute—is essential to secure the due higgling of the market? How far will the very limited provisions against sub-letting be effective? What is the amount likely to be on loan at any one time, and what is the relation between it and the guarantee fund? And supposing a bad season, or a series of bad seasons, will the tenants be able to repay the advances made them; and if not, will the Government evict them, or relieve them (as Mr. Seymour Keay suggested in the debate this week) by increasing the Exchequer contribution to the guarantee fund, or will it resort to the contingent portion of that fund and deprive the workhouses of their medical officers, and the schools of their grant?

To the principle of the Bill exception may be taken on numerous grounds: but besides the many minor faults which will be brought out during Committee there are certain salient objections to the details. The securities for the British taxpayer are as unsatisfactory as ever. The amount to be expended eventually is utterly uncertain. We have, however, the statement of the Chief Secretary that it may be ninety-five millions, of which this Bill provides more than thirty, but that a large and quite indefinite sum may be deducted as representing the estates of landlords who do not care to sell, or whose tenants do not care to buy. How far this reluctance will continue when the force of example suggests to the tenants to exercise pressure, and the temptation of a guaranteed income influences the landlord, remains to be seen. The reduction in this maximum from Mr. Parnell's estimate last April of £165,500,000 is obtained by the most important limitation in the new Bill. Instead of omitting (as had been suggested) all farms above £50 or £30 valuation, all grazing farms are omitted, and all farms on which the tenant does not reside. But there is no security that the arrangement will be final.

Against any default of payment of any part of this £95,000,000 that may be actually lent there is a guarantee fund, consisting as before of a cash portion and a contingent portion. The cash portion is the Exchequer contribution of £40,000 a year, which at first is to accumulate till it reaches £200,000; and the Irish probate duty, of about the same annual amount. What the relation of this cash portion is to the probable defaults in repayment we have no data for determining, until we know how many tenants are likely to purchase, and what they will pay. It may be surmised that the Government expects that it will cover ordinary defaults; but extraordinary defaults due to very bad seasons or a heavy fall in agricultural prices it assuredly will not; then enters the Grand Jury—an "unpopular" body in every sense of the word. It makes a levy on the county of the amount required, or if it does not, the levy is made by the Judge of Assize. If this levy is inadequate we get to the most salient of the impracticabilities of the Bill—the impounding of Imperial contributions towards workhouses, officers of health, and national schools. And about the absurdity of this feature there is no need to say much. To tax landowners and shopkeepers for the default of their tenant-farming neighbours is inequitable; to let the tax be imposed by a non-popular body is invidious; and to supplement its deficiencies by an interference with education and poor relief is worst of all.

After this colossal flaw in its arrangements the Bill ought to stand condemned. It, indeed, contains one welcome feature—its limitation, above referred to, by excluding pasture farms and non-resident tenants. And it contains an ingenious arrangement for stimulating thrift, by providing that where the sum advanced is less than twenty years' purchase of the holding, the annual repayment shall be 80 per cent. of the annual value for the first five years (so that it will exceed the normal rate of repayment), or longer if the Lord-Lieutenant shall approve; and that the excess paid in these years over the normal rate of repayment shall be set against any arrears in subsequent payments at the normal rate. This provision, however, is more limited in the present Bill than in the last. And the limitation of the amount allowed to be borrowed to twenty years' purchase is removed.

But the central objection to the machinery of the Bill is the non-popular character of the authorities it invokes. The Lord-Lieutenant is everywhere. Taxation by the Grand Jury, Mr. Parnell told us last April, is odious to the Irish people. The Land Commission, now put on a permanent (and more expensive) footing, the Land Department existing by its side, the Local Government Board, the Congested Districts Board, may be very admirable authorities, but they are part of a system of which—and not only in the opinion of Liberals—Ireland has had quite enough. Excellent as the scheme for treatment of the congested districts may look, and valuable as the non-official element on the board may be, it is after all the creature of the Castle, and there never seems to be any adequate security that Irish administrators (from resident magistrates upward) are properly qualified for their work.

Beyond all this, the real offence of the Bill is in its whole principle. State Socialism may be all very well on a small scale—and even on the scale contemplated in the congested districts, if we could quite depend on the proposed board—but why apply it to a class that is favoured already by legislation, if not by circumstance, and, in practice, to the most highly favoured of that class? Why resort to it except as part of a great political scheme, as in 1886, or under the pressure of urgent necessity? Dual ownership may not be the economic ideal, but every country in Europe has passed through some form of it, and it has not altogether disappeared yet. If the opinion of an electorate ever was expressed decidedly, it was expressed in 1886 against a large Land Purchase Scheme. The present scheme may prove larger; it is without the safeguard which the 1886 scheme contained of an Irish authority responsible for the rents, and the provision for a *plébiscite* will hardly either supply the want of local control, or furnish an argument for the punctual payment of instalments in times of difficulty. At any rate, Mr.

Chamberlain says that British credit will be used, but not risked. The British taxpayer surely should be consulted. If we are not to have a General Election, will not some independent philosophic Liberal like Mr. Haldane, or some Radical Unionist who has not quite forgotten 1886, move a clause—as is often done in American State Legislatures—providing that this Bill shall not become law until the opinion of the electorate of Great Britain has been taken upon the proposal to pledge their credit in the most uncertain of speculations just at the present time—a speculation in agricultural land? Land must necessarily rise in value in the long run, but it may have more than one sharp fall first, and it is not at all clear that its value in the United Kingdom has as yet touched bottom.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON OBSTRUCTION.

"SHALL we Americanise our Institutions?" is the title of an article by Mr. Chamberlain in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. From the title one might suppose that the subject had reference to some of Mr. Chamberlain's earlier aspirations, but we are not surprised to discover that he is only playing his genial Conservative *rôle*. The Americanising process is confined to the most anti-democratic feature of the American Legislature. Mr. Chamberlain advocates the introduction, into the procedure of the House of Commons, of a system invented by an unscrupulous party leader to browbeat a minority, and to rush through a measure repugnant to the national feeling—a measure for which the people never asked and which they have promptly condemned, along with the tyrannical, not to say illegal, methods by which it was carried. That is the system which Mr. Chamberlain would like to see acclimatised in this country. It is a system which would be a fit weapon in the hands of Mr. Chamberlain's Coercionist colleagues, as it would facilitate the operation of the closure to such an extent that the Government could disregard the existence of the minority and pass the most unpopular measure in a day.

We do not admit for one moment—as Mr. Chamberlain seems to imply—that in the present House of Commons there has been "a steady growth of deliberate obstruction," any more than that "every large majority is at the mercy of an unscrupulous minority." But if we suppose or admit that our present machinery for dealing with obstruction is defective and needs strengthening, the American system which Mr. Chamberlain suggests is certainly not the one to adopt.

What was the origin of that system, and what has been its effect? Briefly this: when the Republicans found themselves in a majority in the House of Representatives they resolved to pass the most thorough High-Tariff Bill ever constructed. As the Bill was not drawn on any principle except that of party interest, there was no necessity for amendments or discussion from the Opposition. Arrangements were therefore made to gag the Democratic minority. A violent partisan, Mr. Tom Reed, of Maine, who has since developed into a candidate for the Presidency, was elected Speaker and Chairman of the Committee on Rules. Mr. Reed, an unscrupulous politician, at once made a drastic revision of the rules which he would have to enforce. He decided what Bills should be introduced, and how and when they should be passed. The McKinley Bill—the most important one—was perhaps the most complicated and fraudulent measure ever introduced into the House. It contained 750 separate paragraphs, besides fifty pages "of the most complicated legislation, involving many questions of policy and much administrative detail"—to quote Mr. Chamberlain's description. Then the word was given from the Republican headquarters, "Pass the Bill quickly; there is danger in delay." Speaker Reed was appointed sponsor of the measure and executioner of the minority. His system was two-fold: debates were limited beforehand just to the time which the majority liked to give to any particular question, and the movers of amendments were in some cases cut down to five minutes. Another new rule operated in the interests of the "previous question" with crushing effect on every other question. This rule provided that a motion for the previous question, when being ordered by the majority of the members present, if a quorum, shall have the effect of cutting off all debate, and bringing the House to a direct vote on the question or questions before it. The "previous question" asked and ordered might embrace a series of motions or amendments, or the passage or rejection of a Bill. Mr. Chamberlain omits to give Speaker Reed's original method of making up his quorum, which was the feature of the system most severely condemned. It consisted in counting a quorum when the ayes and the noes did not show a quorum. Mr. Reed counted all the members whom he could see in the entrances and in the corridors leading to the House, and in this way many snap votes were taken. The restrictions led to disgraceful scenes which ended more than once in fisticuffs. Democrats were closured right and left. Speaker Reed (a round-headed, short-necked, and corpulent man) stretched his rules to the utmost, and passed the clauses of the McKinley Bill with unprecedented speed. Indignation was swelling against the measure, and delay was dangerous to the Protectionist interests. The minority endeavoured to improve some of the worst features of the Bill, but, as Mr. Chamberlain says, "they struggled vainly in the grasp of the iron system," and "were baffled and beaten at every turn."

What about the rights of the minority all this time? it may be asked. They had disappeared. Mr. Labouchere once jocularly observed that "the object of the majority was to jump on the heads of the minority." That was Speaker Reed's idea. He conceded that "the right of the minority is to draw its salary, and its function is to make a quorum." Under this system the House ceased to be a deliberative body. "Thank heaven," said the Speaker when he saw how admirably his new procedure was working, "the House is not a deliberative assembly." Neither was it representative. It had degenerated into a party caucus. Clauses in the McKinley Bill were not considered, discussed, or amended; they were simply passed.

When Mr. Chamberlain says that the methods by which the unpopular measure was passed "did not excite any particular indignation," we presume he means among the Protectionists. Mr. Reed's methods were denounced by every Democratic and Independent newspaper in the United States. They were condemned alike in the monthly reviews, and in the one-cent journals. They were declared to be unconstitutional and tyrannical. Mr. Reed was represented as the Republican Tzar, as a dictator, a bully and a despot. His action was one of the questions put before the people at the last elections. None of his own party dared to claim judicial fairness for him; they supported his high-handed conduct on the ground of party exigencies. Mr. Reed is now dethroned from his position, and unless the Democrats follow a bad precedent, his objectionable rules will be abolished. The system, as we have seen, was adopted to enable

an unpopular majority to pass bad laws by gagging the minority. To propose its adoption in the House of Commons (although it might not be at all opposed to the wishes of the supporters of Coercion and the Closure) is preposterous.

THE NEW TITHE BILL.

AFTER more than one ineffectual effort, the Government have at last secured the consent of the House of Commons to the second reading of a measure which embodies their latest proposals for the arrangement of the question of Tithes. The Tithe Rent Charge Recovery Bill is no great measure. It does not profess to be a final settlement. It is avowedly a temporary expedient rendered necessary by the agitation in Wales; and, as regards England, the Bill, in Sir George Trevelyan's words, does "nothing worth mentioning to aid the farmer, the landlord, and the small yeoman occupier." It does not decide the important question, which lies at the root of the Welsh agitation, whether tithes are national property or not. It is intended only to secure the better payment of tithes as they exist at present; and it must be admitted that the question of the collection of tithes, which requires settlement now, is quite distinct from the larger question of their ultimate destination, which may have to be settled hereafter. In confining themselves to the smaller question the Government have, perhaps, chosen a reasonable course, and their effort to cope with that difficulty is, if imperfect, yet not without merit altogether.

The new Bill accepts, as its predecessor did, the principle that the owner of the land, and not the occupier, is the person liable for the payment of the tithe. But in other respects it differs considerably from the Bill of last Session. In their last Bill, the Government made certain limited proposals for the redemption of tithe, which excited a good deal of difference of opinion. In view of the representations made to them, they have now decided to omit any such provision from the present measure, and to appoint a Commission to inquire "into the principle of the law of redemption of tithes, and the mode in which that law has been administered," before proceeding to legislate in that direction. We have already expressed our opinion that the policy of redemption of tithe is a policy to be freely extended and assisted by compulsory powers. But the question is one of great difficulty, and under the circumstances, although the course adopted by the Government on this point is not a heroic one, we are inclined to accept it as moderate and not unwise. Moreover, in what may be regarded largely as matters of procedure, there are two new features of the Bill which deserve recognition. The landowner will collect from the occupier the sum which he pays in tithes. Under last Session's Bill this sum was recoverable from the occupier in the same way as rent. The new Bill gives this advantage to the occupier, that this sum will now be recoverable from him only by distraint under the Tithe Rent Act. Again, last Session's Bill provided that, where the landowner failed to pay the tithe, the tithe-owner should obtain from the County Court the appointment of a receiver to recover the tithe for him. But it was felt that this procedure would bear hardly on small freeholders where there was no rent to receive; and consequently the new Bill provides that a receiver shall only be appointed where the land is let, and that when the landowner is also the occupier, the tithe-owner's remedy against him shall, after application to the court, be by distraint. On both these rather technical points the Government's proposals show signs of improvement.

There is one other provision in the Bill, the expedient embodied in the third clause, on which the Government lay stress. The object of that clause, as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach represented it on Monday night, is to provide a remedy for those hard cases which are due to the depression in the value of land. The principle laid down is that the tithe rent-charge should never be so heavy as to deprive the owner of all interest in his property. Last Session it was proposed that in these cases the assessment committee of the union should settle the amount to be paid. The new Bill provides a substitute for this, which is intended to be more favourable to the tithe-payer—namely, that the assessment of the land under Schedule B of the Income Tax shall be taken as the gross annual profit of the land, that one-third shall be deducted for working expenses, and that the tithe-rent charge shall in no case exceed the remaining two-thirds in amount. It may be argued that even this maximum of two-thirds is too high, that one-third is not enough to deduct for working expenses and profit, and that this remission will not touch a large proportion of the cases which have given rise to the present agitation. In no direction do the Government's proposals go very far, but in this point, as in others, they may be enlarged or amended in Committee. Narrow and temporary as the present Bill is, and inspired as it may be by a desire to care chiefly for the interest of those who own tithes, still, it ought to be admitted that, so far as it goes, its provisions are sometimes ingenious and useful, and that its authors have learned wisdom by experience and apparently wish to make it business-like and not unfair.

THE SECRET OF SUPREMACY.

FEW of Mr. Gladstone's gifts have struck the popular imagination more vividly than his capacity for detaching his mind at will even from the most momentous crisis. On Saturday last, when face to face with a political situation pregnant with serious mischief, if not disaster, after writing an historic document which demanded exceptional concentration and self-restraint, Mr. Gladstone was found by a friend deep in the "Bride of Lammermoor." A few days earlier, when Parliament reassembled, and the Opposition were agitated by the first intimation of Mr. Parnell's unyielding attitude, after eager and anxious colloquy with his colleagues on the front bench, Mr. Gladstone rose in his place, threw off without any effort the trouble that had enveloped him, and made a speech on public affairs, easy, dexterous, full of generalship and commanding authority. A smaller man, finding the fabric of a great policy suddenly trembling beneath his feet, might have betrayed confusion and alarm. Mr. Gladstone dismissed the crisis from his thoughts as if it had never arisen. He soon closed in, too, his brain on Mr. Parnell and his manifesto, and quietly wrapped himself in the romance of Scott. This power of will recalls the readiness with which Napoleon and Wellington could summon sleep at a most critical moment of their fortunes. But sleep is temporary oblivion for all the faculties, and is therefore less remarkable, even in such conditions, than the voluntary suspension of memory and the total diversion of the mind from some stupendous topic. Had Wellington at Waterloo discussed the poetry of Byron with his officers in the intervals of issuing orders, there would have been some parallel to Mr. Gladstone's absorption in Scott after the sudden revelation of treachery on the part of a trusted ally, and the composition of a letter which stirred the whole kingdom. This power of

detachment has distinguished other statesmen, though scarcely in the same degree. Palmerston and Disraeli could remain tranquil amidst the fiercest political storms; but in Disraeli's case, at all events, impassiveness was the absence of fervent interest. It is easier to forget for a while the turns of a game which fathoms no moral deep in a man's nature, than to pass abruptly from a sphere which engages all the passionate ardour of conviction. We all know in common experience how the anxieties and cares of life derange the nervous system; how difficult it is to escape even for a moment from the thought which carries with it so many disturbing possibilities; how the cloud falls on the lightest pastime, and obscures the sunshine of the warmest affection. To say this is to say no more than that men of ordinary endowments cannot command one of the rarest qualities which give supremacy to the leaders of the world.

It may be remarked that this faculty of self-abstraction is denied to some powerful intellects, and that, when carried to excess, it produces the visionary. Cardinal Newman describes somewhere the impulses which created the monk. He shows us how the founders of monasticism shut out the world, sacrificed reason, and addressed all their energies to devotion. He does not tell us that this system stimulated hallucination, and was the direct and natural cause of those ecclesiastical miracles which he accepted with such astounding credulity. Had he brooded over these wonders without the saving distraction of writing subtle treatises against the validity of Anglican orders, and drawing a little wholesome worldliness from modern fiction, it is possible that Newman would have seen miraculous apparitions, and that Birmingham would now enjoy the prestige of a more celestial sanctity than that of Mr. Chamberlain. But it is most noteworthy that the scientific mind has sometimes great difficulty in disengaging itself from its peculiar atmosphere. The professor who believes in nothing which he has not tested by some scientific process cannot easily transport himself into a domain which does not acknowledge natural science as its suzerain. If he is a politician, he is apt to show infinitely more prejudice than many less-instructed citizens. An obnoxious personality causes such a pressure on his brain that he haunts the Alps like some gloomy Manfred, and sees spectres which threaten his country with ruin. If he engages in religious controversy, his scepticism is intensified when he learns that a political opponent has views about the sites of Sodom and Gomorrah. Some judges are equally incapable of shaking off the shackles of prepossession. Here is a lawyer whose mind is a perfect Cave of Æolus, from which the winds of prejudice and intemperate zeal blow all round the compass. He can never detach himself for an instant from the assumption that liberty and property are the Castor and Pollux of civilisation, and that, clothed in judicial ermine, they ride over the great battlefield of modern life. Here, too, is the literary man who cannot emancipate himself from the perpetual conviction that he is assailed by a conspiracy, who proposes to found a periodical for the sole purpose of exposing this baseness, and who rushes into the newspapers with astonishing propositions about everything under the sun, simply because he regards the established moral order as part of the intrigue. It is a pity that on these men we cannot perform a surgical operation like that which created a mental equilibrium in Laputa. If they could be endowed with the power of shutting the door in the brain which opens the way for everything that is petty, everything that distorts the judgment with some irrelevant prejudice, everything which hampers the mind and vexes the spirit, humbler mortals who lay no claim to scientific, judicial, and literary eminence would be enriched by precept and example.

For it is surely clear that on a man's capacity for locking up his brain-cells in proper order depends his influence over his fellows. What we call breadth of mind and moral elevation have nothing to do with any special code of righteousness. The man who preaches the damnation of the human race, except a section who hold his views, may be a miracle of personal virtue, but he is little better than a cipher in the sum of the universe. The good people who distress themselves perpetually about ecclesiastical candles, vestments, and attitudes, would be fortunate if they could shut these things in a mental cupboard, and disport themselves in the free air of secular well-doing. The greatest difficulty in life is to estimate accurately the relative importance of opinions and events, and the man who is always closeted with certain ideas is no better off than the monk who cut himself off from the world and saw blessed visions. Many excellent Protestants who laugh at Catholic relics and legends are not in the least aware that their own prejudices are infinitely more mischievous than any superstition. There are many teachers amongst us, teachers of sects, men whose minds cannot range beyond a narrow set of doctrines; but the real moral supremacy belongs only to those who can appreciate the complexity of the world, who can perceive the drift of human currents, and spend their lives in enlarging the horizon. It is they who maintain the dignity of manhood above the clamour of calumny. It is they who nourish generous hopes, and pour manna on the wanderers in the social wilderness. And it is a mighty stride towards this pre-eminence when a man can close the pocket-book of his own experience, and turn over some leaves of that volume of life which is too vast and varied to be read by the light of any formula, however imposing.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

XVII.—William Morris.

THERE is not one William Morris, but three—the Artist, the Poet, and the Socialist; yet these three are one. Some know him for his poetry alone, and know nothing of *The Commonweal* and the meetings at Kelmscott House; others adorn their walls with his papers and hangings, and these bear no good-will to the "Friend of the People," and would try not to smile if he were bludgeoned in Trafalgar Square; and again, there are those, though few are they, who believe in his words, and on paper will rise against the capitalist, and in theory will sweep the *bourgeoisie*, even their own kinsmen, from the face of the earth. In each of the three men there is enough energy to furnish forth half a dozen poets and artificers and Socialists: and whatever may be urged against the art of the one, the skill of the second, and the dogmas of the third, nobody, not even the Conservative mouthpiece, has the brazenness to proclaim that William Morris is not genuine in his beliefs and his doings.

The philosophy of life that has made Morris so puzzling to some and so ridiculous to others is very simple. Keats has summed it up in two lines:—

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know;"

and these two ideas not only guide him in his practice in the arts, but on them he relies, as on sword and spear, when he faces the great guns of modern civilisation. They have served him very well in art, they have served him less well in literature, they have altogether failed him in politics; but, like an old warrior, he wisely keeps to the weapons he knows how to handle. If he cannot conquer with them, he can with no other.

What Morris has accomplished as an artist is fully grasped when chance brings the inquirer to homes still faithful to early Victorian art. The chairs in maroon rep, the Brussels carpet with green background and red roses, the horsehair sofa, the antimacassars, the trembling cut-glass chimney

ornaments; all these British treasures bring to the mind that saying of Morris's which will bring him immortality—"Let nothing find a place in your room unless you think it beautiful or useful." If it is not due to Morris that our houses are beautiful—for who believes they are, except the owners?—it is due to him that they contain many beautiful things. And his art is genuine, not sham. His designs are his own, his stuffs are what they profess to be, his dyes are pure and lasting, his stained-glass windows rank with ancient work. Morris understands the practice of his craft, as well as his disciples profess to understand the theory. What more can be said in the artist's praise?

What Morris has accomplished in literature it is rather difficult to say. He has aimed high, and he has succeeded; and now it seems that he has not aimed high enough. His lectures on Art are admirable, and many of the Philistines who have read them have gone over silently to his side; but his poetry which aimed at sweetness is cloying, and posterity may have none of it. Of "The Earthly Paradise," it may be said that everybody is delighted to take it up, and nobody is very sorry to lay it down. The poems of the Months are perfect, and there are many passages of exquisite beauty in the four bulky volumes; but as a whole "The Earthly Paradise," now we are free of the pre-Raphaelite movement and can breathe a little, fails to hold, fails to impress, fails to fascinate. It is too artificial in substance and too artless in form to be successful as literature. That the author has succeeded as well as he has done in bringing back to earth the Golden Age would be remarkable if it were not for the fact that everything in his age tended to urge him to fling himself into another. But to write an epic on Cloudland is beyond the strength of a poet of this age. That Morris succeeded in part must be his recompense.

It is hard, we repeat, to estimate Morris's power in literature, for his work is not yet over. He has lately shown that posterity may have cause to ignore him as a poet in remembering him as a a prose-poet. "The Roots of the Mountains" is the only book of its kind in our literature, Jefferies' "After London" excepted; but though the latter is fully as original in poetical feeling, it is certainly inferior in execution. It is doubtless very easy for the critic to prick holes in "A Dream of John Ball," to say that the language is patchwork, and the historical teaching utterly misleading; but when the critic's criticism has passed back whence it came, to the immense inane, "A Dream of John Ball" will be read and re-read for the exquisite pictures Morris draws of rural England—and, alas! of the ideal England—of the fourteenth century. It has taken Morris many years to discover that his genius is happiest in interpreting not the Arthurian legend, or in singing the loves of Violet le Fay and Sir Peter Harpedon, but in reproducing the England he loves, the merry England of bows and bills and of the forest glades, the England of villeins and freemen, of priest and over-lord.

Morris began his work in literature by the publication in 1858 of "The Defence of Guinevere," a volume much of which reads to-day like the inferior work of Rossetti; or rather let us say, like sketches for Rossetti to put into paint. Though the author's capacity for throwing himself body and soul into the world of French Mediævalism is marvellous, the effort he made ended in failure. The poems that compose the volume, with the exception of two, "Riding Together," and "The Haystack in the Floods," are forgotten, and indeed deserve their fate. Morris's genius lacks just that foreign strain which is the salvation of Rossetti's art: colour, understanding, workmanship, all are in the one as much, or nearly as much, as in the other; but the spontaneity in work which is wanting when the poet is not product enough, so to speak, of his subject, is lacking. It is difficult to overrate the beauty of Morris's style and workmanship in his versions of the Æneid, and the Odyssey, but when all is said in their favour it must be owned that they do not reproduce the *effect* of the original at all; they translate the poetry, but it is not the poetry of Virgil and Homer. And then when one looks at the translations from the Icelandic, one cannot help wishing that Morris would make no more experiments with the literature of other nations, but would concentrate his strength for the enrichment of that of his own. "The Roots of the Mountains" is artistically the best thing he has written, but "A Dream of John Ball," slight and imperfect as it is, is greater. And why? Not because the author has not put his whole heart into the former—he has done that in all his work—but because in the latter he is on English ground; and there that hazy film, which has caused some to compare all his scenes to objects reflected in water, rolls from off his work, and we believe for the first time in the living reality of the men he describes. Morris, we believe, has in him the power to add to our literature a great classic, if he chooses England and not the Golden Age for his theme.

This argument—that a man if he would do something really great in literature must not content himself with dreams—is the best answer to those who lament that in becoming a Socialist Morris has spoiled an artist and given us only a fanatic in exchange. The "idle singer of an empty day" may yet show his countrymen that his visionary schemes for the reformation of a materialistic age have borne good fruit. It is an open question whether Milton's service under Cromwell did not produce "Paradise Lost." The men who condemn Morris for not seeing little truths, do not themselves see the great. It cannot be denied, indeed, that as a practical Socialist Morris is a failure. His doctrine, broadly put, is that the worker, to permanently better his condition, must take his remedy into his own hands, and must exterminate the capitalist and the *bourgeoisie*. Morris therefore declines to support the "little by little" tactics of all social reformers, tactics which are alone practical in daily life; for he anticipates that such efforts can only result in the creation of a fresh *bourgeoisie* to stand as a new barrier between the workers and their "rights." Political action, temporary strikes, arbitration, profit-sharing, all the trump cards in the labour hand, Morris declines to play. History is against him, facts are against him, common sense is against him, but he still holds on to his remedy—*revolution*. It is unnecessary to point out that of all the unfortunate advice ever offered to the proletariat, this is the most unfortunate. Granted the most favourable conditions, granted a score of victories gained by socialistic England over capitalist and tradesman, over retired colonel and wealthy grocer, the most capable idealist, the most energetic transcendentalist might be puzzled as to how the regenerated agricultural labourer and the Post Office clerk converted to the new faith, the Lancashire mill-hand and the humble sandwich-man of Oxford Street, could harmoniously build up together a new and glorious England. The absurdity Morris has landed himself in arises from the fact that he does not, or will not, see that the old division of cast-iron classes in our social system is becoming every day more and more a thing of the past; that the great lower middle class is slowly pushing its way to a position almost as powerful as that of the upper middle class is now; and that England cannot go back a century in progress, but must work out its salvation, if at all, on industrial lines.

But let those who shriek at Morris for his visionary schemes reflect that the actual effect of his teaching is likely to result in far greater good to the community than their own practical views, so curiously tolerant of the evils that never touch themselves. That he throws himself heart and soul into the preaching of one half of a great truth should shame those who never really feel

any truth at all. Morris's doctrines in stormy times in France might have very strong influence; in England they can hardly have any ill-effect. To spend one's life in making exquisite windows of stained glass wherewith the manufacturer may shut from his sight the yellow brick wall of his factory is hard work for the idealist. Who would not curse who knoweth what kind of life those walls hide? Why then should Morris not curse loudly?

THE NEW LOGIC.

THE existence of an undiscovered planet was inferred from irregularities in the planetary motions, inexplicable except on such a hypothesis. Similarly, the conclusions drawn from given premisses, and the remarkable syllogisms which have recently caused general satisfaction, pointed, in our opinion, to the existence of some new System of Logic, embodied in an authoritative treatise. This text-book now lies before us: a thin quarto entitled "Esoteric Logic; or, the Logic of Intuition." It is published anonymously, but in a preface the writer—the authoress we presume—acknowledges the valuable assistance rendered by "a Senior Wrangler, now in Holy Orders, and his Maiden Aunt."

The historical sketch deals with deduction and induction from Aristotle to Mill, and the acknowledged failure of both as instruments of thought. Logic is defined as "the science which treats of the Reconciliation of Opposites and the Relations of the Unrelated." As in most logical works, the matter and illustrations of the section on Formal Logic are quite familiar, but the method is novel. The argument, "Why is x wrong? Because it is," is defended as unassailable, since "the Perception of Identity is the Fundamental Intuition." The Type-Syllogism is a familiar conundrum, "Why is a red herring like a silk hat? Because there is a b in both." This argument is carefully analysed, and rules are given for the construction of valid syllogisms of this form.

The second part, proved by internal evidence to be of recent composition, deals with the application of the Type-Syllogism to particular cases. We select a few.

1. "This scheme and all preceding schemes are all the schemes suggested. No other scheme has had a fair trial; therefore no other scheme has succeeded; therefore no other scheme was the right one; therefore this scheme is the right one; therefore we will send a cheque to General Booth."

2. "No woman is justified in making an attack on the person of a man who has wronged her. Social wrongs ought to be brought home to the wrong-doer. Therefore a woman may assault the friends of a man who has wronged her; therefore a sentence of penal servitude, if passed upon her, should be commuted."

3. "Fighting is brutal if it is in earnest, fighting is not brutal if it is in sport. Therefore Hargan got penal servitude and Z is a member of the Pelican Club."

4. "To evict poverty-stricken tenants, fire on crowds, manipulate documents and evidence, is to break several commandments. A champion of Home Rule has broken the Seventh Commandment. But all commandments are binding, because things which are equal to the same are equal to each other. Therefore the Seventh Commandment is binding, therefore to uphold Home Rule is to uphold a breach of the Seventh Commandment; therefore we prefer Mr. Balfour's Irish policy."

Following Mr. Mill, the writer of "Esoteric Logic" applies logic to mathematics in two interesting chapters. The first deals chiefly with mixed mathematics, and is headed "Hints for the Mensuration of Mares' Nests, with Rules for the Extraction of their Cube Root." The second, which is concerned with pure mathematics, sets forth "An *à priori* Theory of the Sum and Product of Numbers, with its relations to the Science of Economics." The author argues with great skill the proposition that 2 and 2 do not make 4, but 22.

This is a brief analysis of a remarkable book, which has filled us with painful doubts. Has it a satirical bearing, or is it an honest contribution to the science of Logic? We are not helped to a decision by the fact that the work ends with a logic prize competition.

"A says all Britons are liars. A is a Briton; therefore A is a liar; therefore Britons are not liars. Therefore, A is not a liar, etc. Apply this reasoning to the dispute between Stanley and his officers."

As the book is printed for private circulation only, we cannot furnish details of the prize competition even to *bonâ fide* competitors.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXVIII.—In Lincoln's Inn Fields.

THE ordinary man's strongest point is his ignorance. And the subject of which he shows the most thorough and unlimited ignorance is generally the law of his own land. Consequently, if he is called upon to walk through any place where many solicitors congregate, he has a sense of awe. He has an uncomfortable feeling that he is a bad man, and that it is of no use to try to hide it; that he is an ignorant man, and that every solicitor who meets him knows him to be ignorant, and blandly despises him for it. He does not know what a *tort* is, or what common form means, or how to find his way about Somerset House. In Lincoln's Inn Fields the air is redolent with the very best law, and the ordinary man as he walks through the place feels like a poacher. Many clerks are coming and going. Some are chained to a black bag; others have done nothing worthy of fetters, and go freely; nearly all are in a hurry. They run up steps and down steps, and take short cuts, and know their way about. Cabs are always waiting in case of emergencies. Judges pass through on their way to the Courts in their own private equipages. I saw one the other day in a common hansom; I will not mention his name, but I hope he is ashamed of himself. Clients enter eagerly and smilingly the offices of their respective solicitors, and some time afterwards pass into the street again, looking limp and dejected. I do not know what the solicitors do to them; but it is something, apparently, which destroys all enthusiasm, knocks down one's castle in the air, and leaves one face-to-face with a few facts, which are generally unpleasant. Or, perhaps, it is the combination of mystery and severity which seems to prevail in a solicitor's office. They give you a morning paper to read, but you have no heart for it. You gaze at a few black boxes—very black, and cold, and shiny—that have strayed into the waiting-room, and read curious inscriptions upon them. "The Pimpleton Colliery Co." You wonder where Pimpleton is, and what kind of a company it was. No opinion is expressed about it on the outside of the box; the inscription is impartial and reticent. "Smithers' Trustees" are the words on the next box. Who was poor Smithers, and did he ever think he would come to this? It is a large box. Can the Trustees be inside? "Sir Thomas and Lady Polecat's Marriage Settlement." Sir Thomas was generous—generous to the verge of weakness—and she—well, it was not a happy marriage. You have absolutely no grounds for thinking anything of the kind, except that the names and the nature of the box seem to suggest it somehow. In the next room you can hear a clerk reading out something in a dreary monotone; another clerk with a peremptory voice stops him at intervals. You wonder what they are doing. Is it possible that they can be playing some kind of a round game? At last, you go to the window and look out, for want of

any other occupation. That solicitor must be most conscientious, from whose windows the best view of St. Paul's is to be obtained. The longer a man waits, the greater does his respect become for the man who keeps him waiting. Many more such opinions might you formulate, but a clerk enters, a clerk who conceals as far as he can the contempt which he naturally has for you: "Would you step this way?" In another minute you are taking a lesson in the management of your affairs, or, as you prefer to term it, you are giving your solicitor your instructions.

But Lincoln's Inn Fields are not only legal; there is a space in their midst which is almost rural, a square garden where, as Dickens wrote, "a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to one another, 'Let us play at country.'" Many memories of Dickens linger here. Speaking of himself, he wrote from Broadstairs, "Sometimes he goes up to London (eighty miles or so away), and then I'm told there is a sound in Lincoln's Inn Fields at night as of men laughing, together with a clinking of knives and forks and wine-glasses." The joviality seems to have gone from the place now, and some of the splendour has gone too. My Lord Sandwich—but this was a very long time ago—had a house here, and hither came Mr. Samuel Pepys to say farewell one fine February morning, when my lord was about to go "out of towne upon his embassy towards Spayne." The Court was in mourning for the King of Spain, and a little less than a fortnight before, Mr. Pepys has duly recorded that he "put on a new black cloth suit to an old coat." He would not, we trust, wear that old coat upon this important occasion; for my lord's house was full of people. Amongst them was Sir W. Coventry. "Only a piece of courtshipp," says knowing Mr. Pepys, who was no bad hand at a little "courtshipp" himself.

The square garden looks barren enough now, but it is quite indisputable. There are real birds, real trees and grass, although they may be a little smoky. And here in the summer time one may see tennis-players amusing themselves, and never thinking that within some few yards of them awful secrets, bound with a blood-red girdle of tape, may be lying in the dark seclusion of a strong-room. If one knew all that these solicitors know, it is to be feared that one would have no heart for tennis. At certain hours of the day streams of children flow through Lincoln's Inn Fields, coming from their school to their unsavoury homes in Clare Market. They walk under the shadow of the law, so to speak, but they are not touched by its gravity. They are reckless little children, with a tendency to sample everything. They drink at the fountains, poke their noses through the bars of that almost rural place and speak contumeliously of those who are inside, hang on to passing vehicles, sit down in street puddles, make absurd fusses over grimy babies, use awful language, whistle piercingly, fight freely—do anything which is not serene and grave.

About the hour of six comes the general exodus; the lights go out in the windows; cloths are flung over tables piled with papers, to keep the dust from them; clerks hurry to secure a place on the bus for Camden Town; solicitors fly homeward in hansoms. By nine o'clock, I am told, there is hardly a vestige of the best professional manner left in London. Dinner destroys it.

A LONDON FOG.

TO many nothing is more troublesome than a dense fog in London. It paralyses traffic, it is dangerous to pedestrians, it encourages theft, it chokes the asthmatic and chills the weak-lunged.

In the country it is disagreeable enough; but never so intensely raw and dense as in London. The formation of the fog is only noticeable in the country. First like a mist doubling, fogs roll around the hillsides; then in a night of gathering vapour they sink dark and dreary, the huge dusk gradually swallowing up the plain. The woods vanish, the dim-seen river seems sullen and slow to roll the misty wave: till at last,

> "Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
> Successive closing, sits the general fog.
> Unbounded o'er the world, and mingling thick,
> A formless grey confusion covers all."

On the sea, too, the fog is disagreeable and fraught with danger. The fog-horn is heard, in its deep, sombre note, from the lighthouse tower, when the strong artificial light is useless. The fog-bells ring as the vessels near. All ears are keenly open to hear the near approach of any vessel, whose bell does not clearly indicate its position. Silence reigns, and a nervous tremor seizes all on board.

But a peculiar sense of stagnation possesses the dweller of the large town when enveloped in a dense fog. Sometimes during the day, through a thinner, rarer portion, the sun will be dimly seen in copper hue, like the moon under an eclipse. The smoke-impregnated mass assumes a peculiar "pea-soup" colour. The lamps are almost uselessly lit, the gas-jets in the windows burn with a sickly light; and even with these aids you cannot see clearly an inch before your nose.

What is this fog? How is it formed? Can it be cleared off by artificial means? These are pressing questions. And in answering them we will approach the subject cautiously.

It has been ascertained with unerring accuracy that there can be no portion of the ordinary air encircling our earth which does not contain dust. By a marvellous apparatus—whose invention indicates rare constructive genius—Mr. John Aitken, of Falkirk, has been able to count the dust-particles in the air. In Glasgow he counted on a wet morning no fewer than 7,500,000 of dust-particles in a cubic inch of air; in Edinburgh, 4,000,000; in a room, 49,000,000; and in the air above a Bunsen flame, 489,000,000. Even in country districts he counted 155,000 particles in the cubic inch. At Cannes, the lowest observation was 22,500, and at Mentone 75,000. At Lucerne the number varied from 3,000 to 32,000. The lowest number of dust-particles which Mr. Aitken has counted in a cubic inch of air is 3,000. That there is dust in the upper regions of the air is perfectly evident, from the millions of meteors which fall into the atmosphere every day.

It has also been ascertained that fogs are dependent upon dust for their formation. Without dust there could be no fogs; there would be only dew on the grass and road. Instead of the dust-impregnated air that irritates the housekeeper, there would be the constant dripping of moisture on the walls which would annoy her more. Ocular demonstration can testify to this. If two closed glass receivers be placed beside each other, the one containing ordinary air, and the other filtered air (that is, air deprived of its dust by being driven through cotton-wool), and if a jet of steam be successively introduced into these, a strange effect is noticed. In the vessel containing common air the steam will be seen rising in a dense cloud; then a beautiful white foggy cloud will be formed, so dense that it cannot be seen through. But in the vessel containing the filtered air, the steam is not seen at all; there is not the slightest appearance of cloudiness. In the one case, where there was the ordinary atmospheric dust, fog at once appeared; in the other case, where there was no dust in suspension, the air remained clear, and destitute of fog. Invisible dust, then, is necessary in the air for the formation of fogs.

The reason of this is that a free-surface must exist for the condensation of the vapour-particles. The fine particles of dust in the air act as free-surfaces on which the fog is formed. When there is abundance of dust in the air and little water-vapour present, there is an over-proportion of dust-particles, and the fog-particles are, in consequence, closely packed, but light in form and small in size, and take

the lighter appearance of fog. Accordingly, if the dust is increased in the air, there is a proportionate increase of fog. Every fog-particle, then, has embosomed in it an invisible dust-particle.

But whence comes the dust? From many sources. It is organic and inorganic. So very fine is the inorganic dust in the atmosphere that if the two-thousandth part of a grain of fine iron be heated, and the dust be driven off and carried into a glass receiver of filtered air, the introduction of a jet of steam into that receiver would at once occasion an appreciable cloudiness.

From this it will now be plain to our readers why fogs are so prevalent in large towns. Next to the minute brine-particles driven into the air as fog forms above the ocean surface, are the burnt sulphur-particles emanating from the chimneys in towns. The brilliant flame, as well as the smoky flame, is a fog-producer. If gas is burnt in filtered air, intense fog is produced when water-vapour is introduced. Products of combustion from a clear fire and from a smoky one produce equal fogging. The fogs that densely fill our large towns are generally less bearable than those that veil the hills and overhang the rivers.

It is the sulphur, however, from the consumed coals, which is the active producer of the fogs of a large town. The burnt sulphur condenses in the air to very fine particles, and the quantity of burnt sulphur is enormous. No less than 7,500,000 of tons of coals are annually consumed in London. Now the average amount of sulphur in English coal is 1¼ per cent. That would give no less than 93,750 tons of sulphur burned every year in London fires. Now if we reckon that on an average twice the quantity of coals is consumed there on a winter day that is consumed on a summer day, no less than 347 tons of the products of combustion (in extremely fine particles) are driven into the superincumbent air of London every winter day. This is an enormous quantity, quite sufficient to account for the density of the fogs in that city.

But would it be advisable to diminish the escape of this burnt sulphur? It is well known that sulphur has powerful deodorising and antiseptic properties, checking to a great extent the effects of the death-laden germs which are constantly emanating from the sewers of the city. If the sulphur were checked, these germs would have more baneful influence. Better, then, is it to bear the ills we have in the inconvenience of fogs than, by suppressing the sulphur, to fly to other ills, in the terrors of a pestilence.

THE DRAMA.

IN a letter to Monckton Milnes, who had found his patience overtaxed by some of the nicknames too freely bestowed on him by his friends, Sydney Smith writes: "The names of 'Cool of the Evening,' 'London Assurance,' and 'In-I-go Jones,' are, I give you my word, not mine." This was in 1842, and the choice of one at least of the nicknames attests the vogue of a comedy which had been produced at Covent Garden in the previous year—*London Assurance*—by a youngster of nineteen who afterwards called himself Dion Boucicault. In the ensuing half-century the popularity of the piece has slowly dwindled, but never quite to vanishing point. Its vitality, persistent if feeble, has puzzled observers who do not allow for the peculiar conditions of the stage. It is not a classic, say these. It is not literature. It is not life.

The truth is that *London Assurance*, though it has no pretensions to being an organic whole or to holding the mirror up to nature, belongs to a class of plays which the players themselves, despite the indifference of playgoers, will not willingly let die. It is what is known as an actors' play—in this connection the word might perhaps be more correctly written display—a medium, that is, for the exercise of virtuosity—an affair of *bravura* passages, wherein the technical execution is everything and the subject-matter nothing, or next to nothing. Such plays may be taken as the actors' refutation of Euclid, for their aim is to show that a "point" has magnitude, and that a "part" is sometimes greater than the whole. Assuredly it is so with *London Assurance*, now revived at the Criterion, in regard to which play the wise man may ask the question, How will Lady Gay Spanker deliver the "steeple-chase speech?" or how will the "business" between Cool and Meddle be managed? but will at once perceive that to pursue his inquiries into the naturalness of this or that personage, into the credibility of the play as a whole, would be sheer waste of time.

That is the conventional critical standpoint on the subject—and, having adopted it, I feel instantly tempted to shift my ground. Is the play so very unreal as a picture of time, are its characters so very artificial after all? Might not diligent search reveal some of M. Zola's "human documents" even in this "actors' play"? Suppose, *par impossibile*, that all record and memory of the year 1841 were obliterated except this comedy of *London Assurance*, and let us examine how far it will enable us to "reconstitute an epoch." To begin with, it is evident from the very first scene that in the year of grace—or of the want of it—1841, the social institution known as Tom-and-Jerryism was still flourishing. Charles Courtly "comes home with the milk" in a state of riotous intoxication, and empties his pocket of the knockers which he has wrenched from his neighbours' doors. He is empty-headed, he is vicious, he is, if not a Yahoo, a good deal of a Mohock. Yet the author evidently puts him forward as what would now be called a "sympathetic" personage. For he has everything his own way, is reproved by nobody, and is rewarded in the end with the hand of the pretty girl of the piece.

Here, then, we get our first "document." We have "constated" (the Gallicism is too useful to need an excuse for its invention) the existence of Tom-and-Jerryism so late as 1841. Picking our way through the dialogue, we find much valuable evidence as to the social habits of the time. Burgundy might then be drunk in the morning. "Come into my room," says Courtly to Dazzle at the breakfast-hour, "and I'll astonish you with some Burgundy." And in the evening it might be followed by brandy-punch. "It was all that cursed brandy-punch on the top of Burgundy," groans Dolly Spanker. Madeira, too, was still in fashion. Dazzle *loq.*: "Max, that Madeira is worth its weight in gold; I hope you have more of it." Max: "A pipe, I think," etc. Smoking-rooms had not yet been established; when the gentlemen wish to practise the vice of cigar smoking, they retire to the billiard-room. For it is still a vice in 1841. "No cigar smoking," says Sir Harcourt: "Faints at the smell of one," adds Cool—both speaking of a grown man. After dinner, when the ladies have departed, the gentlemen are expected to sing songs. Stage direction: ("Spanker *is heard to sing* 'A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky'—*after verse, chorus*"). Anti-macassars justified their existence in 1841. Max Harkaway refers to Sir Harcourt's "oily perfumed locks." From Charles' description of the delights of London to the rustic Grace, we find that the fashionable entertainment was not the opera, but the ballet. The fopperies of Sir Harcourt show that in 1841 we are still in the Age of the Dandies, further evidence of which is forthcoming in Grace's allusion to "our literary dandyisms and dandy literature." In other words, scratch this play and you find both D'Orsay and Bulwer. The entry of Mr. Solomon Isaacs in the last act shows that people were still arrested for debt. And they still travelled from London to Gloucestershire in post-chaises (hence a sharp dis-

tinction between the Town Mice and the Country Mice of the play, which gives another "note" of 1841). Duelling (but here our "document" perhaps becomes untrustworthy) did not yet involve a trip across the Channel. Sir Harcourt and Spanker manage their little affair in the billiard-room. Minor points are: that "buttonholing" was not yet a mere figure of speech ("He would actually," says Lawyer Meddle, "have taken the Reverend Mr. Spout by the button"); and that architectural taste was still barbaric ("the fine Elizabethan mansion" of scene ii. has "large French windows at the back").

So much for *London Assurance* as a "document." And that is not all. Even the language of the play, untrue as it must have been to the actual life, yet reflected a side of the literary taste, of the time. Certainly no living young lady of 1841 ever rhapsodised as Grace Harkaway does:—

"I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning, the silent song that flowers breathe, the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels, to which the modest brook trickles applause;—these, swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear, as if the waking world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it."

But read the English of the "Keepsake" and the "Beauty's Annuals." (And, inasmuch as Grace's uncle describes the glories of "the chase in full cry" in precisely the same dithyrambic strain, take note that, long before Ibsen wrote *Ghosts*, "the drama of heredity," the stage had glimpses of the drama of consanguinity.) Even Lady Gay Spanker's amazing "impression" of the hunt:—

"Time then appears as young as love, and plumes as swift a wing. Then I love the world, myself, and every living thing—a jocund soul cries out for very glee, as it could wish that creation had but one mouth that I might kiss it"—

has its historic justification. For Lady Gay was first played by Mrs. Nisbett, and had not Mrs. Nisbett previously achieved fame for her delivery of Constance's glowing description of the raptures of the hunting-field in Sheridan Knowles's *Love Chase*? He, then, who laughs at Dion Boucicault is laughing, all unaware, at Sheridan Knowles.

My excuse for dwelling on the documentary aspect of the play is that Mr. Charles Wyndham, in the present revival at the Criterion, has frankly presented *London Assurance* as a document. For the first time in the history of its revivals, we have its players habited, with punctilious correctness, in the high-collared, wasp-waisted, tight-legged garments of 1841, so that the student of costume may find in every curly wig, stock, *jabot*, military cloak, white beaver hat, turnover shirt-cuff, and satin waistcoat, a separate ecstasy. Merely for its stage picture, this revival is of the highest interest.

And the actors, or most of them, play well up to their coats. Mr. Wyndham, who takes Charles Mathews' part of Dazzle, and Mr. William Farren, who succeeds his father as Sir Harcourt Courtly, both know that artificial comedy (you see I have had to come back to the old view about the unreality of the play, after all) should be played artificially. They know that the modern theory of "natural" acting would here be a pestilent heresy. Accordingly, they are not afraid of a certain touch of exaggeration; they do not hesitate to talk straight over the footlights; they flaunt what M. Sarcey calls *le panache*—and they are quite right. Some of their playfellows do not strike the note of the play with the same precision of touch.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere's style is a little too vaporous, too alembicated for the breezy, robust Lady Gay; and Mr. Arthur Bourchier seems a little *désorienté* in the (I should fancy, terribly difficult) part of Charles Courtly. Perhaps the happiest feature of the cast is the Cool of Mr. Cyril Maude, a valuable illustration of the old truth that for the true artist there is no such thing as a small part.

A. B. W.

HOME PETS.

IV.—Fancy Pens.

I MUST commence by owning that I do not keep any fancy pens now. But I used to keep them once, and made a study of them, and only gave them up because I had some writing to do. So I think that I am qualified to speak about them. At present I own twelve common pen-holders with steel nibs. I bought them fixed to an ornamental card, on which they were accompanied by a piece of india-rubber, an inch measure, and a glass flower-holder for the button-hole. The card was entitled "The Youth's Useful Companion," and the whole thing cost sixpence. I am willing to sell the glass flower-holder; I never could quite understand how it came to be included on the card. But the common pen-holders are affectionate, hard-working little things, and I would not part with them on any account.

The first fancy pen I ever had was given me when I was very young indeed, young enough to have a nursemaid to guard me from danger and brush my hair. It was my birthday, and the nursemaid told me that Uncle William had sent me a new real gold pen. I had wanted him to give me a canoe, in order that I might explore the Holy Land, and I believe I had hinted as much to him, consequently I did not care much about the gold pen, and I fell in with my nursemaid's suggestion that she should tend and cherish it for me until I became old enough to use so valuable an instrument without exciting public comment. I believe she was a larcenous nursemaid. At any rate, she was sent away soon afterwards, and took the real gold pen with her, and I never saw it again. A year or two afterwards I got a cornelian pen-holder. It was a fast goer, with beautiful free action, but snapped in two when I was trying to draw a pig without taking my pen off the paper. It was sent to the knacker's and became sleeve-links and a brooch. It was not till many years afterwards that I bought my first stylomaniac pen, and tried to break it in.

Stylomaniac pens have a delicate constitution and an uncertain temper. They are very dainty feeders. I gave my stylomaniac some ordinary ink one day. It was a very fair dinner ink at about twelvepence the dozen, but of course had no particular body or bouquet. The stylomaniac turned up its retroussé little iridium point, and refused to touch it. I tried to force its black mouth open, and then the brute bit me. Out of regard for my personal safety, I did not insist any further. At last I procured a magnificent ink, grown on the Rhine, I believe. It had a curious fragrance, and had been matured in sherry casks; or else the sherry which I was buying at the time had been matured in ink-pots—I forget which, but both are probable. As soon as I opened the bottle, my stylomaniac rolled slowly across the table, smelled the cork, and then looked at me lovingly. There was no trouble about feeding it this time. But it was a heady ink—deceptive, like Sauterne—and the animal had no sooner drunk it than it went fast asleep. I tried to make it write, but it would not, although I shook it hard, and did all I could to rouse it. Three days afterwards it was still asleep, but after I had given it a little strong coffee it recovered itself sufficiently to write "Dear Sir," and make three blots. As it would do no more, I took it to the man who sold it me, and who guaranteed it to be sound, free from vice, and quiet to write and draw. He looked at it carefully and, I think, took its temperature. He then said, rather coldly—

"You have been using this pen to rake out pipes."

"Of course," I replied.

He then got most unreasonably angry. For my part, I always use pens for this purpose when they are not being used for writing. A change of work is as good as recreation; every doctor knows this. An ordinary steel nib never minds being used to clean out a pipe-bowl, and writes all the better for

it afterwards. However, it appeared that I had made a very serious mistake. "Your stylomaniac," the man said, "may perhaps never write any more. Take it home and clean it thoroughly."

It could not very well have written any less, but I was too humble to say so. You cannot even wash a stylomaniac pen as you would wash anything else. I was told to use warm water with a little vinegar in it. I remember this distinctly now, but I had forgotten it that day when I got home. I knew that it was one of the things in the cruet-stand that I had to put in the warm water, but I had forgotten which thing it was. I argued to myself that it would probably be mustard, because, when I had a cold, the doctor papered me with mustard-leaves until I felt like a hoarding. It was careless of me to forget. The mustard gave it paralysis of the iridium point, and in sheer disgust I put the brute in a tray with some other penholders that were past their work. Three weeks afterwards I picked it up by accident. It had not a drop of ink in it. I just tried it on the paper, and I found that it wrote freely. It did the whole of a letter to the *Guardian* about a dog of mine which never barked during the hours of Divine service. I do not know what made it write, unless it was hypnotism. It has never written since, and a few months ago I determined to get rid of it; so I lent it to a friend, and made him promise to bring it back next day.

Of course there are many varieties of fancy pens, of which I have no space to speak at length. One of them requires to be dipped in turpentine instead of ordinary ink; which is very convenient, because you cannot always get ordinary ink. Another will write one word with only five thousand dips. If only our great-grandfathers could come back again, and see how far civilisation has progressed, and what triumphs the inventive faculty of man has achieved, how thankful they would be that they died when they did! It is curious that no fancier has yet bred a pen which will always spell *sieze* and *cieling* correctly. I am quite a cultivated writer myself, but it is only during the last few weeks that I have felt certain about those two words.

I have been asked to say something on the subject of cleanliness. Some people wipe pens on the inside of their coats. Some wipe them with the hair of their heads. The latter method seems to me an excess of devotion; and, by an ironical fatality, is generally adopted by those who wash less frequently. Others use shot or brushes, and a few prefer a corner of the blotting-paper. But why not go to the root of the matter at once? All these methods alleviate, but they do not cure. If you never used your pens they would never get dirty. It is the filthy habit of dipping them in ink which causes all the trouble, but I do not think anyone, except myself, has yet had the courage to point this out. That is the chief beauty of fancy pens—you never make them dirty by writing with them. They sometimes acquire a pleasant aroma from being used as tobacco-stoppers, but they never get contaminated by ink.

DEBENTURES.

£100 Given Away with this Article.

I, ANON THE SCRIBE, am at present locked into my bedroom (without a book of reference), and three men are sitting on the other side of the door, guarding it. They have bet £100 that I can't write an article on Debentures, and I am getting an hour and a half to do it in. They will only consider it satisfactory if accepted by a first-class paper. They are to post it with their own hands. Mr. Editor, if you print it, I get £100; if you don't, I lose £25.

This is how the wager arose. I am an authority on almost all subjects, except stocks, shares, and another thing called debentures. What debentures are I never knew, and I am too proud to ask. Now some weeks ago I had a letter from the secretary of my club asking if I wanted any debentures. Unfortunately, I took such care of the letter that I cannot discover where I put it, and so I am unable to give its wording. But I saw at once that either (1) The club was in a bad way, and therefore appealing to its members for money; or (2) its finances had been so skilfully managed that it was wealthy and consequently in a position to put members up to a good thing. Debentures being a word that has always puzzled me, that letter set me walking up and down my room in an agitation. Undoubtedly what I have called (1) might be the true meaning of the letter, in which case I wanted no debentures. But what were debentures? So far as I knew they might be the surplus of a well-managed club. Now, our club is not proprietary, and, therefore, if there was a surplus it would naturally be given to the members. The secretary's letter said something about the debentures being disposed of according to priority of application. This, obviously, implied an expected run upon them. "On the whole," I thought, "I had better say I'll take a few."

So I sat down at once to write to the secretary. But difficulties cropped up. For instance, how many should I ask for? The letter said not a word about how many there were. It did not limit us in our appeals in any way. I could conclude that there were not a sufficient number to go all round the members, because if that had been the case we should probably have been offered one each. Now I did not want to be considered greedy, so I thought, "I shall only ask for one." But my next reflection was, "How many will other members ask for?" and I felt certain that Killarney would wheedle the secretary out of at least half a dozen. I then changed the one to three. Next came the notion, "Perhaps members who are fairly well-to-do are not expected to apply." This made me uneasy. That Killarney would apply in any case I had no doubt, but if debentures was merely a name to cover charity I would prefer to give my share to others. I remember that I again carefully examined the secretary's letter, and decided that I had a perfect right to send in my application. I saw that debentures meant something more than charity. I gathered from the letter that I had to send money to the secretary, and that he would then return it with something extra. This, then, was the true character of a debenture. Instead of being charity in disguise, it was a precaution against the surplus's being divided among the improvident members. Thus reassured, I completed my letter, and I was signing my name to it when I paused to ask myself, "Should I not say six?" It must not be thought that this was avarice. It was merely the caution of a man of the world. I had suddenly remembered that you should always ask for twice as much of anything as you hope to get. So I said six.

I sealed the letter, and immediately a strange thing happened. I should tell you that a friend of mine (I never liked the man), with whom I have had monetary transactions, long ago gave me a seal bearing the curious device, "*Debeo*, I owe." He said this would rouse my conscience every time I sealed a letter, but, in passing, I may mention that this has not been the case. However, the seal proved of use at last. As I raised it from the wax on the secretary's letter, I suddenly saw the derivation of debentures.

Without a moment's hesitation I boldly burned my letter. Then came the revulsion of feeling. After all, debentures might mean one of two things. It might mean (*a*) "I owe you," or it might mean (*b*) "You owe me." This put me in a quandary.

For weeks I was in a most undecided state of mind. I wrote a letter to the secretary asking for further particulars about the debentures, but though he answered promptly, I could make nothing of his

communication. He took for granted that I knew what debentures were. Killarney is such a close man that though I asked him whether he had applied for club debentures, he would not tell me. "Have you?" he asked. "I may apply for a few, or I may not," I said, guardedly. It was most aggravating to be in the company of men, as I frequently was, who referred (with an air of knowledge) to debentures. Often it was on my tongue to say, "How would you define debentures?" but I only asked the question once, and then I got for reply, "Oh, everybody knows what debentures are." "Of course they do," I said; "but I never heard a sound technical definition of them." "Did you ever hear a sound technical definition of butter?" I was asked contemptuously in reply; "it is sufficient to know that grease is not butter." "By which," I said, "you mean that money is not debentures?" "Is it not?" said my acquaintance, laughing. The whole company laughed (including myself). "After all," I thought, "I had better apply for a few debentures, say four." But I still hesitated.

Often I let drop careless remarks such as these:—

"Smith, have you debentures in your club?"

"Jones, you are a business man: what is your private opinion of debentures?"

"Brown, I see you have just come from the City. How are debentures to-day?"

My artifice was thrown away. They all replied, but they all assumed that I knew what debentures were. To-day, therefore, I finally decided to write to the secretary saying that I wanted no debentures. But even this proved a difficult task. First I wrote, "Dear Sir, kindly excuse my not applying for debentures. Doubtless some other wealthier members will help the club out of this hole." But that implied that he was wanting my money. If debentures were a good thing I was showing my ignorance. So I wrote another letter, "Dear Sir, I think the debentures ought to be divided privately among the more indigent members of the club." This was giving myself away on the other side. I tried a telegraph form: "I am not to apply for debentures." This pleased me.

But while I was still at my desk pondering, my three friends came in, and pounced on my letters and telegram. I had to confess my bewilderment; and they triumphed over me (though I don't believe they all know what debentures are).

"Here" they said, "is Anon the Scribe who pretends to be able to write about anything, and yet is floored by debentures."

"He is no journalist," they cried, "for has it not become a professional saying that a competent journalist should be able at a moment's notice to write an article on straws?"

"I shall sit down and write on straws this instant," I said.

"You are always writing on straws," they retorted, "but you couldn't write an article on debentures. We bet you £100 to £25 you couldn't."

I accepted, and that is why I am writing in my bedroom, with the three of them jeering at me through the keyhole. Mr. Editor, I am awaiting your next issue of THE SPEAKER with fear and trembling. I have now done my part; will you do yours?

THE WEEK.

MR. ARCHIBALD GROVE has the distinction of publishing in the *New Review* two newly discovered papers by DE QUINCEY. There is always a suspicion, perhaps, that literary "finds" of this kind trench on the privacy in which a great writer desired to seclude the compositions which he did not rate very highly But these papers of DE QUINCEY'S have a good deal of his characteristic bent and expression. We are promised more from the same source, and all lovers of DE QUINCEY'S genius will welcome every scrap of his writing. ARCHDEACON FARRAR pleads in the *New Review* for GENERAL BOOTH'S scheme, and incidentally administers a well-deserved rebuke to the meanness of Churchmen. "There is not a sect, however poor, which does not give more largely and systematically in proportion to its means than the great mass of the members of our own communion." There is an excellent character sketch of DR. KOCH in MR. GROVE'S new number, which reflects much credit on his enterprise and discernment.

MR. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM'S literary faculty is better than his politics. There are some good things in his *Nineteenth Century* article about the idealism of the masses. Good works, he says, are the ideal of the poor, and faith is the luxury of the rich. There is truth in the observation. The only regret is that MR. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM cannot teach the poor something better than his grotesque impatience of all practical reforms. When he talks politics he talks nonsense. He would be much better employed at the British Museum, where he might produce something about Spanish literature, for example, which would be a real gain to letters.

MANY people are talking just now about the letters written by and addressed to the late LORD HOUGHTON, and for a long time to come his correspondence will attract the attention of those who are interested in the social and literary life of the present century. But his biographer has not given even a tithe of the letters of interest received by LORD HOUGHTON during his long and busy life. The following note, for example, is probably unique. It was written presumably by the wife of the gentleman with whom LORD HOUGHTON was slightly acquainted, and whom he had invited to dinner:—"MR. —— died on Tuesday last, or he would have had much pleasure in accepting LORD HOUGHTON'S kind invitation to dinner."

IN the biography of LORD HOUGHTON, it is stated that the *sobriquet* of "Inigo Jones" was applied to him in allusion to the feats of the "Boy Jones" in insinuating himself into Buckingham Palace. This is no doubt the fact, but the opportunity thus offered to the punster had long before attracted the attention of the prince of punsters, THOMAS HOOD, among whose imaginary titles of books for the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S library door appears "In-i-go on Secret Entrances."

IN a letter from Bonn, July 14, 1830, MILNES speaks disparagingly of the personal vanity of the veteran AUGUST SCHLEGEL. "He arranges his wig from a little looking-glass in his snuff-box." It was, however, a conspicuous sign of grace if SCHLEGEL had been brought to own to wearing a wig at all. A few years earlier, as credibly related, he had possessed twelve wigs of length imperceptibly varying, which he wore in the order of their longitude to simulate the natural growth of hair. Arrived at the twelfth, he would seize an opportunity to run his fingers through the supposititious locks as if in a fit of abstraction, and exclaim with affected surprise, "I must positively get my hair cut!" Next day the shortest wig reappeared, and so *da capo*.

ON Wednesday the American House of Representatives passed the New Copyright Bill by 139 votes to 95. As the Senate has already declared in favour of the measure, there is little doubt it will now become law, and English authors may give way to a qualified joy. It is a thoroughly bad Bill, of course, accepted by American authors because they were unable to get a better passed, and had almost despaired of getting one in any form. Its intention is

to protect American workmen; only incidentally does it give a copyright to English authors. Fairness to foreign authors, or encouragement of native literature, held no place in the legislators' minds, which were fixed on the mechanic's vote at the next election. Still, it is something.

In granting copyright to foreign authors, the Act imposes the condition that their works must be printed in the United States. The probable effect of this will be that popular novelists and authors of certain classes of light literature will cultivate the American market to the detriment of the English publishing trade. Scientific and classical works, which are written by Englishmen, printed in this country, and done from plates in America, and which will not bear the cost of two printings, will in future be printed in America. Unless English publishers open branches in America, they will lose part of their business. The Act prohibits the importation of foreign printed books which have been copyrighted in America. Such a measure, which only by courtesy can be termed a Copyright Act at all, will not be accepted as a permanent settlement of the question by American authors. American honour has not been vindicated yet.

Mr. Parnell's quotation from Shakespeare is the first piece of literature on which he has ever ventured. His admirers used to say that he was chiefly interested in books about engineering, and this taste might have appropriately led him to a certain line about the engineer who was "hoist with his own petard." Better still, he might have quoted this passage from *Antony and Cleopatra* :—

> "I have liv'd in such dishonour that the gods
> Detest my baseness."

It is amusing to observe that some writer in the *Methodist Times* has been moved to bitter wrath by our article of last week entitled "Some Reflections for Fanatics." In the opinion of this gentleman we have been guilty of attacking "the religious section of the Liberal party" because we have pointed out some very obvious considerations to those who, in a great political and national crisis, not content with flinging stones at a sinner who had been found out, went out of their way to fling still harder stones at the nation of which he was for long the recognised leader. We need hardly say that the statement that we have ever attacked the "religious section of the Liberal party" is as untruthful as it is impertinent. But we have ventured to express our opinion—and, in spite of the anathemas of the *Methodist Times*, shall continue to express it—with regard to the conduct of those who have added immeasurably to the gravity of the present situation by their intemperance of speech and their bitter intolerance of judgment. When the editor of the *Methodist Times* finds any sneer at religion, or at the religious section of the Liberal party, in these pages, we shall be glad if he will call our attention to it; but we decline to consider that religion and the *Methodist Times* are convertible terms, or that Mr. Hugh Price Hughes is a person who stands above the reach of the criticism which is the lot of all less pretentious mortals.

A measure of the good taste which animates some of those who apparently claim to be the only legitimate representatives of religion in the Liberal party is the silly insinuation that the mission of The Speaker is to "dethrone the *Spectator*." If the author of this assertion had read the journal he takes it upon himself to correct, he would have known that this is as far wide of the mark as was his statement that the Irish are "an obscene race." Again, a measure of his accuracy is the declaration that our article last week, entitled "Sidelights on Mr. Parnell," was "an extravagant and fanatical eulogy of Mr. Parnell." This shows a degree of mental fatuity on the part of our critic which goes far to explain his recent performances. The man who really believes that our article of last week was intended as a eulogy of Mr. Parnell will believe anything—even that to Mr. Hughes has been transferred the mantle of Papal infallibility, and that the chief mission of the *Methodist Times* is to proclaim this fact to the world.

Mr. John Morley has shown his capacity this week for throwing off the anxieties of the political crisis. He has been represented in some quarters as "completely crushed." Yet he appeared on Tuesday at the meeting of Old Cheltonians, which was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and made a racy little speech. The meeting was called to consider arrangements for celebrating the jubilee of Cheltenham College next year, and speeches were made by Sir Henry James, who presided, and Mr. Robert Reid.

An Edinburgh correspondent writes :—"The present relation of the city of Edinburgh to Mr. Parnell is obscured by technicalities, which can easily be removed. On Tuesday, two motions in the Town Council were unanimously remitted to a committee to consider. The first was that promptly brought forward by the Unionist section, 'to consider whether the name of Mr. Parnell should not be removed from the Burgess Roll.' The Liberal section object to this removal on two grounds: first, that it is believed not to be within the legal powers of the Council; and secondly, that it is inappropriate, because Mr. Parnell was made a burgess last year on public grounds, and because of past public services. The subsequent discovery, therefore, of his private wrong-doing cannot affect the action of the city of Edinburgh in the past, though it may affect Mr. Parnell's capacity for doing service in the present, and may entitle the city to express an opinion upon the conduct of its honorary burgess. Accordingly the other motion—'to consider whether the recent decision in the High Court of Justice affecting the personal character of Mr. Parnell calls for any, and if so, what, action on the part of the Corporation'—was proposed by the very men who had initiated the honour to the Irish leader—proposed by them, too, before Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Morley, or Mr. Parnell's apparent betrayal of the confidence of Hawarden. And their course is to be the successful one. It seems now to be admitted that the Council cannot legally remove its burgess because of a dark blot in his private history, and though the *Scotsman* suggested on Wednesday that the Council should act 'according to sense' rather than 'according to law,' and leave it to Mr. Parnell 'to find his remedy, if he pleased and where he pleased,' this questionable course is not at all likely to be followed. The truth is that the original question as to the offence against Captain O'Shea has been overshadowed by the subsequent political complications, and Edinburgh and Scotland have been forced back upon that position of central Liberalism from which the victory of Ireland appears as only one of the great objects to be attained."

The *Illustrated London News* should really be more careful. Its drawings last week of social life within the walls of the Reform Club have carried alarm into more than one quiet home. Certain literary members, for instance, who until now have been believed by their families to content themselves with "Pilsener" for luncheon, are portrayed by the artist in the act of quaffing champagne at that meal. A vicious flush suffuses the face of more than

one respectable politician. Nor is it possible for the unhappy members to protest in the home circle that the portraits must be meant for somebody else, for in each case the actual name is written underneath. And the *Illustrated London News* makes its way everywhere. It lies beside the breakfast table, and next in the library, and then is cut up to adorn the nursery screen. It is hard when a man's own nursery screen holds him up to reprobation.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY is very derisive of MR. GLADSTONE'S argument about the herd of swine in the Scriptural story. But he is not content with that. He wants to make MR. GLADSTONE'S view about the pigs a test of Home Rule. He drags in a quotation from one of MR. BALFOUR'S speeches, and ends his article with a triumphant flourish as of one who has saved his country, vindicated the Union, and established "law and order." One of the Professor's faculties is a keen sense of the ridiculous, and it is amusing to note how entirely this has been blunted by the blind zeal of the political partisan.

AMID the din of orthodox "new departures" and "forward movements," another stronghold of free religious thought and connected social effort has just been quietly set up in the west-central district of London. The signs of a healthy ardour and an impelling faith were none the less evident because of the absence of anything like clamour at the inaugural meetings of the University Hall settlement on Saturday last. At the same time, the presence of the venerable DR. MARTINEAU and MR. STOPFORD BROOKE and their colleagues, to say nothing of some of their sympathetic hearers, was sufficient, without MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S emphatic assurance and lengthy historical argument, to dispose of the absurd sneer that this was the birthday of a new religion or a new sect. That the primary need of discrimination and organisation is appreciated is shown by the systematic survey of the district which has been the first concerted work of the residents. In this, as in most other respects, University Hall stands at the farthest pole from GENERAL BOOTH. It is to be hoped that the venture will not be allowed to lack public support.

ONE result of the exciting struggle which has been carried on in a Committee-room in the House of Commons during the present week, has been the withdrawal of public attention from all other matters of interest. For several nights at the beginning of the week, the bookings at the London theatres fell below the usual average; whilst at the libraries the "run" upon new books was smaller than it would have been under ordinary circumstances. The conviction of MRS. PEARCEY, too, for a double murder, committed under revolting and extraordinary circumstances, passed almost unnoticed by the public, absorbed as everybody was in the Parliamentary drama.

A WRITER in *Scribner's Magazine* proposes the foundation of a subsidised American theatre. He does not look to Congress for the funds, but expresses a conviction that some wealthy citizen will do his duty to the drama of his country. Wealthy American citizens do not show any particular relish for the fine arts, though a VANDERBILT occasionally buys a picture for an enormous sum, without revealing any striking appreciation of its merits. It is not easy to imagine JAY GOULD endowing a national theatre. Then, what is the purely American drama which is to be fostered in this way? The most successful pieces in the United States are usually imported from Europe, together with a considerable number of players. This economic fact was unaccountably overlooked by the author of the McKinley tariff.

IT would be misleading to say that the Old Water Colour Society has been exhibiting its usual winter collection of its members' "Studies and Sketches" to the public since Monday. Accuracy compels us to put it that since that day sundry drawings have been publicly exposed to the fog on the walls of the Royal Water Colour Society's Gallery in Pall Mall East. During the closing days of last week the critics and the purchasers were especially asked to visit the exhibition from 11 a.m. till dusk. But dusk began at dawn, and continued, with uncertain intermissions of colour-blanching snow reflections, until nightfall. Critical judgment has therefore been not unattended with difficulty. "Studies and Sketches" is an alluring title, and we have often wished that the Royal Institute yearly devoted its rooms to this purpose instead of housing small oils. But "water which has passed the wheel does not work the mill," and regrets are useless. In the case of the present exhibition the title is much of a misnomer. It simply means that finished drawings are shown in white mounts instead of the more attractive gold mats of the summer show.

A CLOSE body like the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours insures us against the shock of chancing on novelties either pleasant or the reverse. We know what to expect and we are not disappointed. There is always the same atmosphere of dainty poetic charm about the place. The present exhibition is a little stronger than usual. MR. HOLMAN HUNT, MR. PILSBURY, MR. BIRKET FOSTER, MR. STACY MARKS, R.A., MR. CALLOW, MR. HENRY MOORE, A.R.A., the President, MRS. ALLINGHAM, MR. S. P. JACKSON, MR. WALTER CRANE, MR. DAVID MURRAY, MR. J. W. NORTH, MR. FRIPP, MR. A. E. WATERLOW, A.R.A., MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN, and MR. THORNE WAITE are all characteristically, and in many cases strongly, represented. MR. A. W. HUNT sees nature through her natural veil of atmosphere, and gives us nothing which has not both mystery and poetry. MR. ARTHUR MELVILLE'S audacities of colour and execution seem to echo in the tranquil room; and we have seen nothing from his brush more successfully daring than his little sketch, "The Canon of Ronda." MISS CLARA MONTALBA'S golden dream of the Rialto, however unreal, has its beauty: a harmony in yellow—amber and orange.

VERY interesting is the corner devoted to the glowing Italian landscapes of the late MR. ARTHUR GLENNIE, who died last year. Excellent sea-scapes are unusually plentiful; but MR. G. H. ANDREWS'S large shipwreck fails to impress—a huge hulk, a mad fantasia of parting ropes, big and frantically animate as pythons, and all depicted in muddy brown at an impossibly dramatic moment. MR. TOM LLOYD'S large, pretty, and feminine sentimentality, "First Breath of Autumn," appeals to a considerable public. MR. A. H. MARSH and MR. J. H. HENSHALL both delight in accomplishing with toilsome difficulty in aquarelle what can be achieved with ease in oil. The former's "Convalescent" is neither pleasant in subject nor colour. We prefer the latter's characteristic and lovely "Romany's Head" to his painfully elaborate hareem subject. MR. HERBERT MARSHALL sees "Lovely London" glow red as Whitby. The Vice-President's dignified and subtly harmonised drawing of Jerusalem bears the date 1859. Wild, desolate, and romantic is MR. ALBERT GOODWIN'S large and splendid study of the "Mediterranean at Sunset," with the fierce rubies and topazes of the broken edges of the storm-clouds gleaming over the sullen sea.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

FUSELI, we have recently been told, used always to carry an umbrella when he went to visit CONSTABLE. If questioned, he replied that the great master—whom so many of us regard as the true founder of the Barbizonian School—was so perpetually painting rainy weather that he found it necessary. And yet MR. ALFRED HARTLEY, R.B.A., illustrates "Constable's Country" with forty-two very charming little oil sketches, now to be seen at DUNTHORNE'S Rembrandt Head Gallery, and gives us never a shower in the series. Colour is MR. HARTLEY'S strong point. He paints dark Italian poplars, massive elms, and level meadows with just a happy note of red introduced into brickwork or figure in the right place.

THE GIFTS OF FEODOR HIMKOFF.

IT is just six years ago that I first travelled the coast from Gorrans Haven to Zoze Point.

Since then I have visited it in fair weather and foul; and in time, perhaps, shall rival the coast-guardsmen, who can walk it blindfold. But to this day it remains in my recollection the coast I trod, without companion, during four dark days in December. It was a rude introduction. The wind blew in my face, with scuds of cold rain; a leaden mist hung low on the left, and rolled slowly up Channel. Now and then it thinned enough to reveal a white zigzag of breakers in front, and a blur of land; or, far below, a cluster of dripping rocks, with the sea crawling between and lifting their weed. But for the most part I saw only the furze-bushes beside the path, each powdered with fine rain-drops, that in the aggregate resembled a coat of grey frieze, and the puffs of spray that shot up over the cliff's lip and drenched me.

Just beyond the Nare Head, where the path dipped steeply, a bright square disengaged itself from the mist as I passed, and, around it, the looming outline of a cottage, between the footpath and the sea. A habitation more desolate than this odd angle of the coast could hardly have been chosen; on the other hand, the glow of firelight within the kitchen window was almost an invitation. It seemed worth my while to ask for a drink of milk there, and find out what manner of folk were the inmates.

An old woman answered my knock. She was tall, with a slight stoop, and a tinge of yellow pervading her face, as if some of the complexion had run into her teeth and the whites of her eyes. A clean white cap, tied under the chin with tape, concealed all but the edge of her grey locks. She wore a violet turnover, a large wrapper, a brown stuff gown that hardly reached her ankles, and thick worsted stockings, but no shoes.

"A drink o' milk? Why not a dish o' tea?"

"That will be troubling you," said I, a bit ashamed for feeling so little in want of sustenance.

"Few they be that troubles us, my dear. Too few by land, an' too many by sea, rest their dear souls! Step inside by the fire. There's only my old man here, an' you needn't stand 'pon ceremony wi' *he*: for he's stone-deaf an' totelin'. Isaac, you poor deaf haddock, here's a strange body for 'ee to look at; tho' you'm past all pomp but buryin', I reckon." She sighed as I stepped past into the warmth.

The man she called Isaac was huddled and nodding in a chair, before the bluish blaze of a wreck-wood fire. He met me with an incurious stare, and began to doze again. He was clearly in the last decline of manhood, the stage of utter childishness and mere oblivion; and sat there with his faculties collapsed, waiting for release.

My mired boots played havoc with the neatly sanded floor; but the old woman dusted a chair for me as carefully as if I had worn robes of state, and set it on the other side of the hearth. Then she put the kettle to boil, and unhitching a cup from the dresser, took a key from it, and opened a small cupboard between the fireplace and the wall. That which she sought stood on the top shelf, and she had to climb on a chair to reach it. I offered my help; but no—she would get it herself. It proved to be a small green canister.

The tea that came from this canister I wish I could describe. No sooner did the boiling water touch it than the room was filled with fragrance. The dotard in the chair drew a long breath through his nostrils, as though the aroma touched some quick centre in his moribund brain. The woman poured out a cup, and I sipped it.

"Smuggled," I decided; for indeed you cannot get such tea in London if you pay fifty shillings a pound.

"You like it?" she asked. Before I could answer, a small table stood at my elbow, and she was loading it with delicacies from the cupboard. The contents of that cupboard! Caviare came from it, and a small ambrosial cheese; dried figs and guava jelly; olives, cherries in brandy, wonderful filberts glazed with sugar; biscuits and all manner of queer Russian sweets. I leant back with wide eyes.

"Feodor sends us these," said the old woman, bringing a dish of Cornish cream and a home-made loaf to give the feast a basis.

"Who's Feodor?"

"Feodor Himkoff." She paused a moment, and added, "He's mate on a Russian vessel."

"A friend?"

The question went unnoticed. "Is there any you fancy?" she asked. "Some o't may be outlandish eatin'."

"Do *you* like these things?" I looked from her to the caviare.

"I don't know. I never tried. We keeps 'em, my man an' I, for all poor come-by-chance folks that knocks."

"But these are dainties for rich men's tables."

"May be. I've never tasted—they'd stick in our ozels if we tried."

I wanted to ask a dozen questions, but thought it politer to accept this strange hospitality in silence. Glancing up presently, however, I saw her eyes still fixed on me, and laid down my knife.

"I can't help it," I said, "I want to know about Feodor Himkoff."

"There's no secret," she answered. "Leastways, there *was* one, but either God has condemned or forgiven afore now. Look at my man there; he's done all the repentin' he's likely to do."

After a few seconds' hesitation she went on—

"I had a boy, you must know—oh! a straight young man—that went for a soldier, an' was killed at Inkerman by the Rooshians. Take another look at his father here; you think 'en a bundle o' frailties, I dessay. Well, when the news was brought us, this poor old worm lifts his fist up to the sun an' says, 'God do so to me an' more also,' he says, 'if ever I falls across a Rooshian!' An' 'God send me a Rooshian—just one!' he says, meanin' that Rooshians don't grow on brambles hereabouts. Now the boy was our only flesh.

"Well, sir, nigh sixteen year' went by, an' we two were sittin', one quakin' night, beside this very fire, hearkenin' to the bedlam outside: for 'twas the big storm in 'Seventy, an' even indoors we must shout to make ourselves heard. About ten, as we was thinkin' to alley-couchey, there comes a bangin' on the door, an' Isaac gets up an' lets the bar down, singin' out, 'Who is it?'

"There was a big young man 'twixt the door-posts, drippin' wet, wi' smears o' blood on his face, an' white teeth showin' when he talked. 'Twas a half-furrin talk, an' he spoke a bit faint too, but fairly grinned for joy to see our warm fire,—an' his teeth were white as pearl.

"'Ah, sir,' he cried, 'you will help? Our barque is ashore below—fifteen poor brothers! You will send for help?—you will aid?'

"Then Isaac stepped back, and spoke very slow—

'What nation?' he asked. 'She is Russ—we are all Russ; sixteen poor brothers from Archangel,' said the young man, as soon as he took in the question. My man slewed round on his heel, and walked to the hearth here; but the sailor stretched out his hands, an' I saw the middle finger of his right hand was gone. 'You will aid, eh? Ah, yes, you will aid. They are clingin'—*so*—fifteen poor brothers, and many have wives.' But Isaac said, 'Thank Thee, God,' and picked up a log from the hearth here. 'Take 'em this message,' said he, facin' round; an', runnin' on the sailor, who was faint and swayin', beat him forth wi' the burnin' stick, and bolted the door upon him.

"After that we sat quiet, he an' I, all the night through, never takin' our clothes off. An' at day-break Isaac walked down to the shore. There was nothin' to see but two bodies, an' he buried them an' waited for more. That evenin' another came in, an' next day, two; an' so on for a se'nnight. Ten bodies in all he picked up and buried i' the meadow below. An' on the fourth day he picked up a body wi' one finger missin', under the Nare Head. 'Twas the young man he had driven forth, who had wandered there an' broke his neck. Isaac buried him too. An' that was all, except two that the coastguard found an' held an inquest over an' carr'd off to church-yard.

"So it befell; an' for five year' neither Isaac nor me opened mouth 'pon it, not to each other even. An' then, one noonday, a sailor knocks at the door; an' goin' out, I seed he was a furriner wi' great white teeth showin' dro' his beard. 'I be come to see Mister Isaac Lenine,' he says, in his outlandish English. So I called Isaac out; an' the stranger grips 'en by the hand an' kisses 'en, sayin', 'Little father, take me to their graves. My name is Feodor Himkoff, an' my brother Dmitry was among the crew of the *Viatka*. You would know his body, if you buried it, for the second finger was gone from his right hand. I myself—wretched one!—chopped it by bad luck when we were boys, an' played at wood cuttin' wi' our father's axe. I have heard how they perished, far from aid, and how you gave 'em burial in your own field: and I pray to all the saints for you,' he says.

"So Isaac led 'en to the field and showed 'en the grave that was staked off 'long wi' the rest. God help my poor man! he was too big a coward to speak. So the man stayed wi' us till sundown, an' kissed us 'pon both cheeks, an' went his way, blessin' us. God forgi'e us—God forgi'e us!

"An' ever since he's been breaking our heads dro' the post-office wi' such-like precious balms as these here." She broke off to settle Isaac more comfortably in his chair. "'Tis all we can do to get rid of 'em, on poor trampin' fellows, same as yourself." Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DR. GARDINER.

SIR,—Your interesting article on Dr. Gardiner left out one side—not the least interesting—of his work. For twelve years he has been one of the most popular lecturers in East London. Winter after winter at the Whitechapel Centre of the University Extension Society he has held large audiences, imparting his great knowledge in a form so lucid and simple as to be within a child's grasp. Such devoted service in the popularising of history is perhaps not unworthy of record.—Yours, &c.,

ORIENTALIS.

MODERN CRITICISM AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

SIR,—It is quite clear, as Dr. Watkins indicates, that someone has been using technical phrases, such as "authenticity," "positive criticism," "negative criticism," "positive unity," "positive zero," "positive infinity," with objectionable "looseness of meaning." Those of your readers who have also read Dr. Watkins's book will have little difficulty, I imagine, in deciding who the culprit is. I willingly leave the matter to their verdict.

About the four matters complained of in Dr. Watkins's first letter he is still very "absolute." Let us, then, "speak by the card."

1. It ought not to have been said, I again respectfully acknowledge, that he holds the reports in the Fourth Gospel to be "*verbatim* reports," and its narratives to be "literal objective records of pure historic fact." But why, after your quite handsome note (for which let me thank you), does he insist on calling it my error?

2. I accept Dr. Watkins's assurance that he does not wish his readers to regard certain very influential living scholars as negligible quantities. It is agreed that they are men of well-deserved European "reputation," and "personalities" worthy of all honour and respect. But what then becomes of the "positive zero?"—A word about the "rushlights from abroad." The immediate context, to which Dr. Watkins refers me, speaks of "many English students" who "seem to think it necessary to their reputation as scholars to give ready credence to the last essay which has appeared in a *Zeitschrift*, or, as German is now more commonly known, to the last thesis which has been printed at a Dutch University. They import rushlights from abroad, apparently unaware that they have sunlight at home." My guilty conscience, as I read this accusation, made me imagine that Dr. Watkins might perhaps be referring to Dr. Schürer's little essay of thirty-two pages, then lying beside me. It was published in 1889, and therefore one of the most recent contributions to the subject accessible to Dr. Watkins when he was preparing his lectures. Dr. Watkins nowhere alludes to it, but I seem to have misunderstood his silence. It was not because he considered it a rushlight.

3. I said that Dr. Watkins had ignored an important element in the criticism of Luthardt, Beyschlag, and Weiss on the Fourth Gospel. I gave chapter and verse to show that none of the three, least of all the last named, could be claimed as maintaining the traditional view of its historicity. My references were all made to works that Dr. Watkins had named, and (in two cases) had made copious extracts from. Surely Dr. Watkins does not insist on the production of "quotations" from his book as to this? What I complain of is that when he was quoting Luthardt's *Fourth Gospel*, pp. 163 and 278, he ignored things of importance on p. 250; and that in quoting Weiss's *Introduction*, pp. 399, 400, he ignored passages of great importance, both preceding and immediately following the long extract he gives.

4. As for Keim, let the words "generous" and "regretfully" by all means be deleted if they are offensive to Dr. Watkins. When I found Dr. Watkins speaking of Keim as "a man who was as reverent as he was learned" (p. 3), I was tempted to regard the expression as, in the circumstances, a generous one, and to imagine that Dr. Watkins must have felt some regret in being compelled to rank a man of such estimable qualities among the many others whose labours on the Johannine question had amounted to "zero." But, as Dr. Watkins says, it is quite the case that no "regretful word" of his can be produced.

I wish very much that Dr. Watkins, when he had pen in hand, could have seen his way to honour with some notice my reference to one other deceased scholar. It would greatly help to clear things up if we could know from some competent ecclesiastical authority how we ought to think of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold. On the Johannine question, was he "positive" or was he "negative"? Dr. Watkins has, in a somewhat marked way, refrained from classifying him. Perhaps we shall not go far astray if we say that, as regards the genuineness, he was tolerably "positive"—nearly as positive at least as the hesitating De Wette, who is one of the factors of Dr. Watkins's "positive unity." As regards the authenticity, on the other hand, he was—well! he was at least as thoroughly convinced as Dr. Watkins himself that the reports on the Fourth Gospel are not *verbatim* reports and its narratives not literal objective records of pure historic fact. I do not know whether the Bampton Lectureship ever was one of Mr. Arnold's ambitions, but it might very well have been; the whirligig of time in these days is sometimes very rapid with its revenges. Here is what Arnold wrote in 1875 (the italics are mine): "*The free-thinking of one age is the common-sense of the next*, and the Christian world will certainly learn to transform beliefs which it now thinks to be untransformable. The way will be found." The whole paragraph (God and the Bible, xlix. 1) is well worthy of study. It would have interested him, who is still so sincerely mourned by many, could he have foreseen that the year 1890 was to produce a Bampton lecturer whom it would be impossible to convince that the literally historical character of the Fourth Gospel had ever been the "traditional" view.

In conclusion, let me once more express my very earnest conviction that neither the churches nor the world will be able to rest till this question about what Dr. Watkins calls the "translation, transmutation, re-formation, growth, development, evolution" of the Fourth Gospel has been fully worked out to its final scientific conclusion.

I apologise for the length of this communication, and hope that it will not be necessary for me to trouble you again about the matter.—I am, &c.,

YOUR REVIEWER.

November 24th, 1890.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, December 5th, 1890.

THE agitation for an English Academy of Letters is dying down. It seems to be dying, not because people recognise the difficulty of founding the institution, but because we already have a Royal Academy of Arts. There remains, however, a word to be said in favour of the scheme; and where so fitly as over its grave? It would probably have weeded out the English dictionary, and given us shorter books. It is a question if its authoritative commendation would ever have sold a short book: for the British buyer is tenacious. He would probably say, standing at the bookstall, "It is quite true that quality *may* outweigh quantity, but, after all, nobody can be infallible on this point. Now, I see with my own eyes that Ouida's 'Strathmore' has twice as much printers' ink in it as Hardy's 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' and each costs two shillings. I will take 'Strathmore,' please."

But, putting the question of profit aside for the moment, it seems true within limits that a story is the better for being told straightforwardly and with as few redundant words as possible. Now here the English dictionary becomes a snare. I am not speaking of Dr. Murray's great work, which is to be revered as a graveyard and used as a museum, but of the handy dictionaries that abound. The author, sitting down to write his novel or history, would naturally think upon the beginning of his work. But does he? He may be "dwelling on the inception of his undertaking," or "considering the commencement of his task," or behaving in a dozen other ways, which are all the same, according to Webster and Nuttall. It is not to be expected that, with this mob of words at his call, he will not use too many: nor is it wonderful that a Frenchman who has but one word to express his devotion to a beautiful woman and his appetite for a cabbage should write a finer prose than I.

"*Les langues se parlent sur toute la surface du monde; il est probable qu'il ne s'écrit qu'une seul prose, si l'on prend ce mot dans le sens lapidaire et définitif où pouvait l'entendre un Tite-Live ou un Salluste; cette prose, c'est la nôtre. Inférieurs dans la poésie aux subtils et divins poètes anglais, initiés à la musique par les maîtres allemands, et aux arts plastiques par nos voisins du midi, nous sommes les rois absolus de cette forme de la Phrase Écrite.*"

This is the patriotic, but not baseless, opinion of M. Paul Bourget, who can write a very pretty prose himself, though he does say "*voisins du midi*" when he means Italians. And the reply is simply that an Academy of Letters has for two centuries been thinning out the French Dictionary and restraining its growth.

M. Guy de Maupassant, for instance, can write. We admit at once that in his mastery of his work, in the accuracy with which he judges his canvas, what will go into it, and how to put it in with the fewest and most effective strokes, we cannot produce his rival in England. Mr. Grant Allen said this, or something like it, in his *causerie* a few weeks ago, and asserted the mercantile spirit of British authors and the omnipotence of Mr. Mudie's "erubescent Young Person" to be reasons why we cannot write like M. de Maupassant. I will not challenge him on these points, but I contend that, were Mr. Mudie's Young Person gathered to her Dodos, and were the same field opened to the English as to the French author, the Englishman who would write as well as M. de Maupassant must have at least twice M. de Maupassant's ability.

For if there be one thing more than another required by the French *conte*, it is precision, and with all these dictionaries, English is a peculiarly difficult language to be precise in. This excuse, so freely granted to our politicians, might surely be extended to our writers who fail in writing the Short Story. And even when we search up and down English literature for precision, and find it at length, what do we get? We get Gibbon. Two centuries between Gibbon and an English Guy de Maupassant will surely be quick evolution.

As it is, our fellow-countrymen who labour at the Short Story are much to be pitied. The public—right for once—will not buy. It waits for the perfect development, knowing of old that curious little persistent creature, the literary man, and confident that he will persevere without encouragement. But the critics (it must be confessed) might treat him better. Did any English critic ever review a collection of Short Stories without trusting "that in these tales the author is pluming his wings for longer flights," and encouraging him to work until fitted for "a more ambitious task"? That is the jargon. Now let us conceive the effect of this criticism on the man who has heroically abstained from letting his powers go to seed in three volumes; who has essayed the gigantic task of telling a story in four pages and the English language. He says, "This critic is either anxious for my pecuniary welfare, which is kind, but not what he was paid to be anxious about; or he thinks he is reviewing my work, in which case he is a fool."

As for the public, it may be trusted to know its own mind on literary matters; or, at least, we may say that Messrs. Mudie and W. H. Smith know it. Broadly speaking, the Englishman wants a novel for one of two purposes—either to keep the women quiet at home, or to keep himself from fidgeting in a train. Now, for the first it will have been observed that the average English family consists, on the female side, of a mother and two daughters. When the husband is a widower, there will, of course, be no mother; but, *en revanche*, there will generally be three daughters. For this average family the three volume novel is admirable treatment. There may be a little friction at the start, but when the strongest-willed daughter is in the third volume, her sister in the second, and her mother in the first, the danger is practically over, as long as they read at the same pace, and the Library sends a steady supply.

In the second case, demand and supply require a more delicate adjustment. Journeys are of varying length, and until novels are written on a sliding scale, or (better still) the railway companies take the matter up and issue them with the tickets, there will always be some amount of miscalculation. I think that, until some mechanical genius helps us, the author may fairly expect his gentle reader to display forbearance, and peruse slowly or rapidly, according to need. This seems to be the idea of certain gentlemen who—according to the newspapers—are promoting a company to supply railway carriages with automatic machines containing shilling novels. They argue that having relieved the public of the disagreeable necessity of choosing its literature, they have a right to purvey that literature in any lengths they please. It is a nice question.

Having travelled thus far from the question of an English Academy of Letters, let us return to the

man who spoke the best word for it. For the modest sum of five shillings and ninepence may now be obtained the whole body of Mr. Arnold's poetry. Five hundred pages contain it. As compared with his contemporaries, Mr. Arnold was a reticent poet; but were he to be judged by an eighteenth-century standard he must be pronounced of fair bulk.

Those who have long known Mr. Arnold's poetry, and have hitherto continued to read it in early editions, will do well to possess themselves of this volume, and note the alterations made in their old favourites. They are for the most part improvements. Mr. Arnold was not very precise in his poetical language, or very sensitive on the subject. It was amazing that in 1853 he should have been able or allowed to write and to repeat five times—

> "Ere the parting kiss be dry
> Quick, thy tablets, memory."

The kiss is now blotted out, and the lines run after a more seemly fashion—

> "Ere the parting-hour go by."

Innumerable "thats" are advantageously turned into "which," and some clumsy expressions—as, for example, that Judas was a "tenant" of the iceberg whereupon once a year he is allowed to cool himself an hour—finally disappear.

The "Church of Brou" is happily restored as a whole. A lovely poem is not to be obliterated simply because an art-critic has discovered that the real "Church of Brou" is down in a valley and not upon a hill. The book lacks one thing—an index of first lines. The students of the law in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries made their own indices. It is believed that they do so no longer, but they are none the better lawyers for their abstinence. The student of poetry would gladly make his own index, if only the publishers would bind up half a dozen blank leaves at the end of a volume of verse. Let us have either an index of first lines made for us, or room left us to make one for ourselves.

C. B.

REVIEWS.

INSPIRATION AND THE CHURCH.

First Notice.

The Inspiration of Selection. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L. London: Rivingtons.

Lux Mundi: a Series of Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation. Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Principal of Pusey House, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. *Tenth edition.* London: John Murray. 1890.

It is with a peculiar sadness that we put these two works together. There was something more than pathos, there was tragedy, in the last words of Canon Liddon being words of controversy with the once most trusted men of his own household. And what added to the tragedy was the sense, if not of loneliness in the conflict, yet of the want of support and sympathy from the men he had been accustomed to lead, men who had been wont to listen to him with reverence, and to look to him for guidance. The Church of England has had greater, but she has had few more eloquent men, and never any man more sincere or convinced. He represented in his attitude to "Lux Mundi" what may be termed the Keble tradition and the Pusey policy, and at the end, as throughout his life, he was a dignified, an earnest, an impressive representative of the cause he had made his own. There was in him, what his great rhetorical gifts tended on all critical occasions to accentuate, an inflexibility or inelasticity of mind, a defective mental sympathy which disqualified him from ever fully understanding an opponent, or doing justice to his position; and this proved in the end even more radically unjust to the position he himself maintained. For when he and the men of his own party differed and divided, the difference soon became absolute; and he selected as the basis of his opposition principles and positions that were at once the most obvious and the least tenable, with the result that his argumentation carried no conviction, save to the already convinced. His theory of inspiration, as developed in the sermon now before us, is only an hypothesis for an emergency—it would be an act of large audacity to describe it as an adequate apology for the position it was intended to defend.

Here, on the other hand, stands "Lux Mundi," though little older than the year, in its tenth edition, with two, or rather three, apologetical elucidations. This is evidence enough as to how hardly the new Tory Democracy, of the ecclesiastical realm, has pressed the old Aristocratic Toryism. It is indeed a signal instance of the strength of feeble things, if only it be exercised at the right moment. The book is not a ripe, or thorough, a weighty or, in any sense, a learned book, but it has been strong in its *timeliness;* raising questions that ought to be raised by men who profess faith while they know criticism and its results. The book, taken as a whole, is younger than the men who have written it; its essays, with two exceptions, want penetration, lucidity, force—the qualities that distinguish the work of men who have with rigorous veracity looked at their subjects from without and from within, round and round, through and through. They have been too consciously catholic to be other than narrowly sectarian, and have written out of the purest subjectivity, without any adequate criticism of themselves, their assumptions, their methods, or their points of view. Their book may be described as an attempt at a sort of inverted orientation by men who think they stand within the sun, and, looking pityingly thence, wish to adjust it to a world which has lost or is losing its bearings. To use their own words, they aim at putting "the Catholic faith into its right relation to modern intellectual and moral problems." But this involves the converse process; our "modern intellectual and moral problems" must be put in their right relation to "the Catholic faith." And it is here precisely where these writers fail. Yet these problems have a way of taking possession even of the men who approach them from the outside. As Canon Liddon not obscurely hints, the *Zeitgeist* has got hold of them, and he is a dangerous spirit, especially when he is caught in one of his revolutionary moods and incorporated in venerable formulæ; they are more likely to suffer from an explosion than he from imprisonment. A few years ago men were lamenting that a great thinker, too soon lost to Oxford, had but bequeathed a quickening philosophy to the section of the English Church he least loved; but if he had been alive he would have smiled at their raw haste. Men may begin by using philosophies to defend systems; the philosophies end by changing the systems and using the men.

In comparing the positions of Mr. Gore and Canon Liddon, we confess to a curiously divided state of feeling; the controversy is one that—as even an outsider can see—must have been full of pain to the Canon; from every line he wrote in connection with it, distress and alarm looked out. For it meant, not simply that men he trusted had deserted what he believed to be the truth, but that their desertion and acceptance of views he severely condemned, discredited, if it did not utterly break up, his theory of the Church, by showing that it failed to do the very thing he used to argue it alone was able to accomplish. There were but two alternatives, the authoritative Church on the one hand, and rationalism on the other. Whatever attempted to find a middle position, where religion might be without either, would be ground between the two as between the upper and nether millstones. But out of the party which was to him the Catholic Church, came

the very thing he abhorred as rationalism; in the bosom of the system that could alone save religion, the tendency that most threatened its being had arisen. He might be mistaken; for the men, so far from being intentional rationalists, are most conscious "servants of the Catholic creed and Church;" but the conscious Catholicity of the men did not make their theory other to Canon Liddon than what he considered it to be. And so what was it but most palpable evidence of the insufficiency of the Church, which had perfectly realised his doctrine, for the very function the Church was created to fulfil?

The writers of "Lux Mundi" occupy, on the other hand, by virtue of elements that have filtered from Hegel through Green into their minds, a very different attitude to modern thought, an attitude at once more sympathetic and assimilative. The result is that the new mind has quite another background or sub-consciousness than the old; and so while both use the same terms, both do not always mean the same thing. They differ as regards their idea of the Church, of the Scriptures, and, as a consequence, of the relation between them. Mr. Gore would say, with Canon Liddon, that "the Church is historically older than the New Testament," and "the New Testament is the supreme work of the Holy Spirit in the Church." And Canon Liddon would have said with Mr. Gore that "it is becoming more and more difficult to believe in the Bible without believing in the Church." But the Canon's "Church" was a much less flexible and adaptable body than Mr. Gore's; it was less penetrated by the theory of evolution, it had less freedom and more bonds, it was more a creation or mechanism made in the past, than an organism living in the present and for the future, with all the attributes and rights of a body which has to struggle for existence and means to survive in the struggle. Then the Canon's Bible had to be historical through and through; all its facts must be true, not in any ideal, but in the most actual sense; its author could never "take into His service literary fictions which trifle with the law and the sense of truth"—indeed, he roundly declared, concerning certain theories accepted by "Lux Mundi," that if they "could be shown to be based on fact, it certainly would be shown at the same time that the Holy Spirit could not have inspired the writings in question." But Mr. Gore's Bible is one whose tradition may be "used as a vehicle for spiritual teaching," whose history allows room not simply for the element of fact, but for "the element of idealisms," for the translation of what seems serious history into "typical narratives," for "dramatic compositions" and putative authorships. If, now, we bring the two parts of the Canon's theory together, they mean that Church and Scriptures are alike fixed, formulated, and final, that we must be as the Church makes us, and interpret the Scriptures it made in the sense of their Maker—*i.e.*, by the canons of the past. But if we bring together the two parts of Mr. Gore's, they mean that Church and Scriptures have alike come to be through a process of evolution—the former being the organism, the latter one of its several organs; that the process, as evolutionary, is at once progressive and continuous, rises from lower to higher, imperfect to perfect; that therefore the present does not lose but rather gains its rights through the past, and the men who live make the Church rather than the Church the men. The difference between the two may be described thus: the one is the Church of the days of Newman and Pusey, but the other of the age of Darwin and Spencer. Each loves to call itself a Catholicism, but each means a thing so different that the identity of the term only serves to create mutual unintelligibility. Canon Liddon's position, in order to be logical, was forced to be exclusive and final; Mr. Gore's, in order to be logical, must be comprehensive and assimilative. If the former had admitted anything as within the purpose of God which was outside the Church, he would have invalidated his theory; if the latter keeps outside his Church anything included in the purpose or action of God, he will leave his doctrine illogical and incomplete. Mr. Gore has therefore made, while a real, only a small beginning. We shall anticipate large results when evolution has thoroughly penetrated and transformed his Catholicism.

MR. MACKAIL'S ANTHOLOGY.

SELECT EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. Edited, with a Revised Text, Notes, Translation, and Introduction, by J. W. Mackail, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.

THIS is a very beautiful and thoughtful book, to be enjoyed in many ways, and by many sorts of people. It will charm Greek scholars, though it is not principally to them that it appeals; it will charm those who feel the singular spell of this kind of poetry, without knowing Greek, for Mr. Mackail's translation keeps as much of the beauty and character of the original as any English prose version can hope to do. There is a great deal that is of philosophic interest in the introduction, of curious linguistic interest in the very brief notes; and there is a suppressed enthusiasm in every page of the book, which makes the reader feel that he is wandering in this strangely enchanting garden with a guide who knows and loves the peculiar shape and fragrance of every flower.

It is very easy to write an eloquent and more or less appreciative account of the Greek Anthology, even without having read a sixth part of the poems through with understanding. There is no book which so readily appeals to the *dilettante* reader of poetry who affects a study of Greek literature. Many people have felt the feebleness of the average accounts of the Anthology when they first read Mr. J. A. Symonds' brilliant essay on the subject in his "Studies of the Greek Poets," and it is only fair to say that one does not realise the full excellence of the introduction to the book before us until one reflects how far superior it is to Mr. Symonds'.

The Palatine Anthology, as it is called from the great manuscript in the library of the Counts Palatine at Heidelberg, is a collection of poems, or rather, a series of collections made by various Greek scholars and poets, at various times between the first century before Christ and the tenth after. The first collection, "The Garland," was made by Meleager of Gadara, a Syrian Greek of the best Alexandrian period, himself an exquisite poet as well as an appreciative reader. His taste was more Alexandrian than classical, so that although he gives us a few of "Sappho's roses" in the garland, and "Simonides' vine-blossoms," and the "wild thorns" of Archilochus, most of the flowers are not from the valleys and hillsides of early Greece, but from the shaded beds of Alexandrian gardens. This gives the collection a special value to us; Alexandrian literature, fruitful, varied, and influential as it was, has so nearly died without leaving a witness. After Meleager's time, other poets and collectors, Philippus, Strato, Cephalas, Planudes, made fresh anthologies, or added to those existing, till the result is this large collection of some five thousand poems, and another smaller one, called, from the last-named scholar, "The Planudean."

In these five thousand poems, many are dull or tedious; many reflect the extreme decadence of morals which accompanied certain stages in ancient history. Mr. Mackail has selected some five hundred gems out of the heap; and has shown great judgment in his selection. He has not attempted to do anything of importance to improve the text: in fact, he does not seem aware of the alleged existence of another MS. of the Anthology at Milan, which is said to be perhaps superior to the Palatine. Neither do his notes go very deeply into the subject they are treating; but scanty as they are, and are intended to be, they are full of interesting information; and, when

put to the test, show a very sympathetic and accurate scholarship. The best piece of work in the book is the introduction. The first twenty-eight pages are concerned with the history of the Anthology, and an account of the MS. This is the least good part. The remaining sixty pages are admirable work. There is not a sentence too much; there is no seeking after rhetorical effect, none of that exaggerated stamping of differences between ancient and modern thought, which is the ruin of so many books on Greek subjects. There is throughout the sureness of touch of a truly sympathetic and careful scholar: there is a singular charm of style, and a strikingly just appreciation of the Greek spirit in several interesting phases. Section viii., on Greek family life, short as it is, seems to us quite the best thing of its length that has been written on the subject; and the same may be said of Section ix., for the luminous insight it shows into Greek religion; and of Section xiv., on the treatment of death. Of course there are also passages that call for criticism of a different kind. Mr. Mackail, we think, accepts too lightly the current phrase about the "perfection of form" in Greek literature. It is a dangerous phrase in any case, and to our judgment has always seemed inapplicable to the best Greek writing. Thucydides is grand, suggestive, vivid, but surely not perfect; and we believe that Homer, Æschylus, and even Sophocles, should be criticised on the same lines. There is no deadness of perfection, no faultlessness, in any Greek writer; their charm is that of freshness, life, originality. Certainly what they are least is *academic*. This, however, is a matter of opinion, on which Mr. Mackail has a good right to judge. We observe, however, that in one passage where he treats of the decay of popular love-poetry among the Greeks, he does not seem to know of the existence of a tolerable quantity of Middle Age Greek love-songs, notably the *Ἀλφαβῆτος Ἀγαπῆς*, edited by Wagner. But there is an extraordinary passage at the end of the introduction. Mr. Mackail seems intentionally to be throwing down the gauntlet to those redoubtable champions, the archæologists, just in their hour of triumph. We quote two sentences:—"The destruction dealt on the Athenian Acropolis, under the name of scholarship, is a type of modern practice. The history of two thousand years has, so far as possible, been swept carelessly away in the futile attempt to lay bare an isolated picture of the age of Pericles; now archæologists find that they cannot stop there, and fix their interest on the shapeless fragments of barbaric art beneath." This sentence, the more often we read it, seems the more extraordinary and perverse. The fact, which Mr. Mackail so represents, is this. In the great accumulations of earth near the Erechtheion and the Parthenon, several statues were more or less accidentally discovered between the years 1863 and 1882, which bore the marks of an art earlier than Phidias. In 1885 a great find was made—a very ancient bas-relief of Athena receiving offerings; several graceful figures of women in long robes, one, at least, remarkably beautiful; and a group illustrating the battle of the gods and giants. Since then more treasures have constantly been brought to light. On February 5, 1886, fourteen female statues were discovered, in Parian marble, the bright colours of their hair and robes blackened with fire, the dress and headdress both elaborately worked, and that strange Oriental smile of mystery upon their lips. To give no more instances than this, can such investigations be called "futile," or can such statues and reliefs be despised? Apart from that great charm of archaism—the charm of an art striving naïvely to express more than it can, which these works possess in the same sense that Giotto does—they have thrown floods of light upon the history of the rise of ancient art. Bit by bit, by slow and slight improvements, we can see the wonderful work of Phidias rise from a barbaric origin: that is surely worth something. Besides that, we learn more from these statues about the details of ancient dress and ornament than we could learn from a hundred books; and, in the interests of larger history, does not Mr. Mackail's heart melt towards these figures when he sees the marks of fire upon them, and realises that these were the statues that adorned the Acropolis in the times of Pisistratus and Themistocles, and that those black smudges are the work of the Persian torches which burned Athens in the terrible year between Thermopylæ and Salamis? We have dwelt at length on this point, because a perverse view in such an admirable book as this may do a great deal of harm. For in spite of the blemishes which we have tried to point out, the book is a charming and thoroughly skilful piece of work, and almost certain to command popularity.

FOUR FRENCHWOMEN.

FOUR FRENCHWOMEN. By Austin Dobson. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

ANYTHING—prose or poetry—of Mr. Austin Dobson's is welcome; and these short biographical papers have a care and finish which often suggest comparison with his villanelles. They are a sort of cameos from eighteenth-century Memoirs; and no praise is much too good for the portrait-miniatures of his personages, which he here and there touches and stipples with a hand swift, sure, and delicate. They recall the smaller bits one has seen cut on the shoulder of the large figure in the bigger cameos. This, for example, of the Princesse de Lamballe—

> A delicate girlish woman of forty, round whose lips, despite the veil of sadness in the eyes, a vague *infans pudor* still lingers like a perfume. A blonde, beautiful head, with the luxuriant hair which once, they say, broke from its bonds and rippled to her feet.

Greuze might have done it better, for he had his half-colours.

It is with a genuine thrill of gratitude that one finds this judgment on many of the embarrassing revolutionary heroines: "They appear to have suddenly started from the obscurity of insignificance into one luminous moment under the guillotine. Of their life perhaps 'nothing became them like the leaving of it.'" "To gleam for a moment," wrote Carlyle of Charlotte Corday, with some reminiscence of Burns's Snowfall, "and in a moment be extinguished." Right, and right welcome too, is the complaint about the *furor scribendi* which the Princesse de Lamballe escaped, but which was so characteristic of so many of her feminine contemporaries. "She even died without uttering the *bon mot* or 'last word' which was an historical necessity of the times." We see Madame Roland scribbling furtively in the Conciergerie, under the eye of a gaoler, on grocers' wrappers often blurred by tears; and in sudden panics tearing off the manuscript from time to time, to send it off for hiding in a rock-hole in the Montmorency forest. And the paragraphist's farewell to another of the bevy was: "Madame de Genlis a cessé d'écrire; c'est annoncer sa mort."

Mr. Dobson's ink bites like *eau-forte* when he touches that same inevitable "gouvernante" and "gouverneur"; and therein he will arouse here and there a dormant fellow-feeling. Perhaps he too was dosed in his childhood with the books she had "written enormously." She would have invented the inkstand, wrote Sainte-Beuve, had the inkstand been uninvented. And Madame du Deffand having divided the world into the three classes of *trompeurs, trompés, et trompettes*, Mr. Dobson says Madame de Genlis undoubtedly belonged to the last of the three. And again he is happy in saying that Miss Rebecca Sharp (not Sharpe, Mr. Dobson) was in many things not unlike this "Rousseau's hen, the schoolmistress," as Horace Walpole called her, *de visu et auditu*. There is a lucky artistic hit in the way she and Lady Morgan are brought together. The definition of the old *guingette* as a tea-garden minus the tea, also deserves to score. And were this critic not so timorous of the others—a failing endemic among critics, as authors should fondly note—he might venture on some private testimonial

to Mr. Dobson for the (just) five words in which he mentions "the late M. Victor Hugo."

And this serves to bring it to mind that there remain readers who still think a review is nothing if not critical. Therefore, let it be said that there ought to have been a short bibliography of the Memoirs Mr. Dobson draws upon; and that the prefatory note which says "these papers were originally planned for publication in book form" is scarcely borne out by passages on pp. 45, 63, and 114. The same lack of revision is forced upon the reader elsewhere, all the more because of the general high finish of the workmanship. Newton, who died in 1727, was not, in Mr. Dobson's sense, a great genius "of the age" of Madame de Genlis, who did not "give herself the trouble to be born" until nineteen years after his death, and was not troubled by death until 103 years thereafter. True they were all but "of an age" in another sense, for he worked for eighty-five, while she fatigued for eighty-four years. Then it is absurd to keep on calling Charlotte Corday nothing but "Marie de Corday," not alone in her own paper, but in all the other three. In fact, she had a sister named Marie-Charlotte-Jacqueline. And her advocate Chauveau de la Garde should be Chauveau and not La Garde, "for short." "Sévigné" *tout court*, for Madame of that ilk, grates upon the senses; and Mentz for Mainz has now gotten itself completely out of our ken. In the name of "M. Robineau de Beaunoir" it might be noted that the last word is but an anagram of the first, which was the real name of that freemasonic secretary who wrote the valuable "Voyage sur le Rhin" (1791).

Mr. Dobson says the Prophecy of Cazotte was the invention "probably" of La Harpe. There can be no doubt whatever about it. Sainte-Beuve recorded that it was exposed so long ago as 1817, and Matter and many others have gone over the ground. But there is a genuine passage in Bailly's "Astronomie Ancienne" (4to, 1775, vol. i., p. 223) which is as like a "prophecy" as any they were in the habit of making; and, as there is unavoidably much guillotining in Mr. Dobson's papers, it is here noted down. Bailly's own words, writing of the Pythagoricians, were—

> Quand le petit nombre méprise la multitude; quand il a l'imprudence de le laisser voir, tôt ou tard il est opprimé et détruit. Tous ceux qui n'étoient pas Pythagoriciens étoient appelés *les morts*; mais les morts accablèrent *les vivans*.

Eighteen years later, astronomer and farmer-general Bailly was ranked by the multitude among *le petit nombre*, and was guillotined with long, slow, pillar-to-post mental torture, on the bitter morning of the 10th November, 1793. "You're trembling!" said one of the sightseers. "Mon ami, c'est de froid," was the *mot de la fin* of the savant-doctrinaire.

REFORMED GEOGRAPHY.

Macmillan's Geographical Series: Geography of Europe. By James Sime, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. were the first to enter the field to carry out the reformation in geographical teaching advocated by the Royal Geographical Society some five years ago, so far as such reformation can be effected by means of text-books. It may be remembered that the Geographical Society instituted an inquiry into the teaching of geography at home and abroad, and published the results of that inquiry in the form of a Report by their inspector, Mr. Scott Keltie. It was found that, with rare exceptions, where geography was taught at all in this country, in substance and method it was beneath contempt; England, in this respect, being in marked contrast with Continental countries, and especially with Germany, where teachers of geography are required to have a special training in the subject and in methods of teaching it. In most schools in this country the pupils were simply expected to learn so many names and so many figures; no attempt was made to enable the bewildered youngsters to realise what are the real aspects of the surface of the earth and its various sections, nor to show what bearings these have on the chief factor on that surface—collective humanity. Yet it is only by taking man as the centre of the field that geography may be made a study and a discipline of the highest profit, having the closest bearings on the course of history, on industry and commerce—on almost every form of human activity. This is the aspect of the subject which finds favour in Germany, and hence the interest and real utility of the subject as taught in many of the schools there, and as worked out in elaborate treatises by such masters as Ritter and Peschel in the past, and Penck, Ratzel, Richthofen, and others in the present.

It was in this direction that reform was advocated by the Royal Geographical Society; in this way, it was maintained, geography could be raised from the position of contempt into which it had fallen, and become a study worthy of a serious place in our educational system. So far as our Board-schools go, there has been marked improvement; and to judge from the examination papers, the subject is now taught on a comparatively high plane in our training colleges. It has also obtained recognition at our two great Universities, and is creeping into their examinations, so that we may expect it in time to find a place in the curriculum of our public schools. There is no complaint to make of the conception of physical geography which prevails in this country, nor of the text-books from which it is taught. It holds a substantial position at many of our public schools, and is taught by men who have had a special training in the subject. The mistake has been in drawing a hard and fast line between physical and what is known as political geography, instead of taking geography, for teaching purposes, as one subject, all parts of which have a connection, the so-called political geography being to a large extent the outcome of the inter-action between man and his topographical surroundings.

Under the editorship of Dr. Archibald Geikie, the series mentioned above was started in order to supply text-books on these new lines. Dr. Geikie himself wrote the first volume, on "The Teaching of Geography," in which the field embraced was much wider than even the Geographical Society contemplated, we should think. Still there is much in the little volume well worthy the attention of those who desire to make geographical teaching of living interest. Other volumes of the series have been published, the latest being that of Mr. Sime on the "Geography of Europe." Within the short space covered by the volume, one must not expect too much. Mr. Sime is first of all a historian, and naturally is apt to look at geography from the historical standpoint, instead of *vice versâ*. He has mastered the geographical aspect as well as anyone could do who had to get it up for a special purpose. He has endeavoured, sometimes very successfully, to show what bearings the geographical features of Europe have had on those movements of its peoples which we call history; but this can only be done effectually by completely mastering the topography of particular regions—by perfect familiarity, for example, with the great passes of the Alps, that lead from Southern Europe into Italy. Mr. Sime rightly points out in his preface that in the teaching of geography much must be left to the teacher. He himself has given a well-arranged selection of geographical facts, interspersed with notes on the history of the various countries, and the composition of their inhabitants. On these lines he has done his work so well that his volume is of real interest even to read, though there are frequent paragraphs which are little more than catalogues of names. Thus, in describing the mountains of the various countries, it is scarcely possible to understand what is said without the aid of the map; now, had little special sketch-maps in black and white been introduced, instead of the pictures which are given, it would have added considerably

to the intelligibility and interest of the book. In the statistics of population, Mr. Sime might well have omitted the units, and even tens and hundreds, with which it is cruel to burden the memory of the pupil. But, with its almost inevitable defects, the little volume is a great improvement on any other similar text-book in English; in the hands of a well-informed and skilled teacher, it ought to be the means of making the geography lesson one of the most interesting, instructive, and suggestive in the whole curriculum. Mr. Sime, we must say, has been very careful as to the accuracy of his statements, and these statements are much more varied and important than are usually found in geography text-books.

A TRUTHFUL ADVENTURER.

The Adventures of Thomas Pellow of Penryn, Mariner. Written by Himself, and Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Dr. Robert Brown. (The "Adventure Series.") London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

It is very unusual for an editor to believe in the adventurer he is responsible for. In his heart of hearts he thinks of humbug, though he may not reveal it in the preface. "What about those three years, when you said you were in Thibet, *while I know you leased a house at Hastings?*" he murmurs reproachfully, mindful of the illustrious Tartarin. But the case of Thomas Pellow is an exception, and we congratulate Dr. Brown on finding a really truthful adventurer. We do not wish to place our Cornishman too high above his fellows, so we may at once say that Pellow was truthful merely because he could not help it. Inasmuch as an adventurer is a man, he is truthful, and not more; but inasmuch as he is a traveller, and at liberty to go where he pleases, he is a liar. Now Pellow had to go where other people pleased, so he had not the irresistible temptation to set his life in an artistic light, that overcomes all your good travellers who are responsible to themselves for showing up their actions. Pellow was kidnapped by the Moors when a lad, beaten into abjuring Christianity, married by force, sent into the interior of the country to fight rebels, and his chief amusements were of a Lucretian kind, viz., seeing those who had displeased the Emperor Muley Ismail "tossed" on their heads, sawn in half, burnt, and knocked on the head, while he himself stood by, unharmed, for the purpose of handing the royal butcher a "Brazilian club" to do the business thoroughly. Perhaps the strongest testimony of all to Pellow's veracity is that, whereas your bold traveller is perpetually running *into* dangers, he was constantly employed in running *out* of them. Thus when the Cornishman was made "the chief porter of the innermost door in the palace of Sherrers," and had the felicity of guarding "thirty-eight of the Emperor's concubines and several eunuchs," he reflected that as the Queen was "exceedingly amorous," and "the Emperor no less jealous of her," his own behaviour, "though never so innocent," might not save him from the fate of great favourites—viz., "dying by their master's hand; for which purpose, he always has his lances ready, and is very dexterous at using them, *seldom letting his hand go out for want of practice.*" Mr. Pellow, therefore, animated by a wise love of his own skin, begged to be put to another service, and was accordingly, shortly afterwards, sent to command a castle, where his life for six years was comparatively slow, being only varied by the chopping off of the head of every rebel taken in arms. And again, when Pellow had every opportunity given him of "killing Marabouts," and "passing nights in trees surrounded by wild beasts," and getting mixed up in all the pleasures that attend "a general beheading," he meanly (from the modern traveller's point of view) tried to shirk his responsibilities, and escape back to England. Very fortunately, however, for the "Adventure Series," he was detected by his Moorish friends, and after escaping the penalty of execution by the nearest shave in life, he was at liberty again to enjoy all the dangers that are within reach of the inhabitants of Morocco. We cannot stop to detail such little scenes as how "the Jewish Interpreter was burnt for daring to advise the Emperor"; or how Muley Abdallah made a deputation of twenty-five inhabitants of Fez, who had come out to congratulate him, stand in a row, so that twenty-four of their heads might be struck off, the twenty-fifth man being bidden to return and tell his fellow-citizens "that if they sent any more deputations their shoulders too would have to dispense with heads"; or how "if you meet a lion sitting on his breech in a Morocco road, your only chance is to walk up to him and stare him full in the face, hollowing at him, and abusing him all you can,' when he will "lash his loins with his tail, and walk from you, roaring in a terrible manner, till he sits himself down again in the road at the distance of a mile or two," when the process must be repeated. These and many other curious adventures in Pellow's autobiography, the reader must examine for himself. Dr. Robert Brown, who has edited the volume with care, and prefaced it with a very full and well-written account of life in Morocco in this and in the previous century, holds the narrative to be genuine beyond a doubt. Various experts, whom he cites, agree with him; and, as we have said, the whole spirit in which the book is written testifies to the truth of their view.

MEDITATIVE SONG.

The Religion of Humanity, and other Poems. By Annie Matheson. London: Percival & Co. 1890.

We have to thank Miss Matheson for this little volume of graceful poetry, not excluding the felicitous and quaintly phrased preface which stands as a sort of *Apologia* for the piece that gives its name to the book. But, in truth, an apology was not needed; she sings her faith because she must, and, though we like her lyric better than her didactic muse, we would rather have both than neither. "The lover," she says, "is permitted his sonnets, and he who is enamoured of some vision of truth cannot always keep silent." The people who say "Theological poetry is not poetry at all," need not be minded; withdraw theology from the very highest poetry, and only the veriest prose would remain, for it represents the mysteries and the idealisms that always appeal most strongly to the imagination, and that only the strongest imaginations can fitly speak of. For the fine half-mystic, half-meditative feeling that is the undertone, as it were, of Miss Matheson's mind, the lyric is the appropriate vehicle, and her songs are truest where they express a simple and natural tenderness. Thus the piece entitled "Memory's Song," in which the gladness of Spring is made to deepen the sense of loss, is full of simple pathos, as witness the concluding lines:—

> "'I would not wish him back,' she cried,
> 'In this dark world of pain.
> For him the joys of life abide,
> For me its griefs remain.
> I would not wish him back again,' she said,
> 'But Spring is hard to bear, now he is dead.'"

Another poem, at once bright and tender, with a reminiscence, both in manner and theme, of Hood, is the "Song for Women." Very vividly, by means of alternate stanzas, where the imagery of the second acts as a sort of refrain to the thought of the first, it brings a "starving girl" who works

> "From early dawn till twilight falls,
> Shut in by four dull, ugly walls,"

into contrast with a gladsome and vocal nature—

> "Yet not the less in God's sweet air
> The little birds sing free of care,
> And hawthorns blossom everywhere."

The mother's feeling that her child's touch makes God and man kin is sweetly expressed in the verse—

"Our smiles come at thy fairy beck,
Frowns pass away at thy caress;
When thy soft arms are round my neck
I feel God's wondrous tenderness."

But she can strike a deeper and truer note than this. Some of her sonnets are very beautiful; in one, "An Meine Freundin," there is something to recall Clough's *Qua Cursum Ventus*. The hymns, ten in all, which are here given, are simple and spontaneous, and full of unaffected and tender piety. The translations, which end the volume, are often very happy, especially so when the subject lends itself to easy and musical verse. The longer poem, which elicited the apologetic preface, may be described as high and earnest rather than ambitious in purpose. The catholicity of the authoress is ethical rather than ecclesiastical, and she is too good a poet to be apt at preaching. But in order to perfect her doctrine she ought to translate it out of the terms of the Church into the symbols and sacraments of humanity, which alone are a worthy and adequate rendering of the religion founded by One whose chosen and distinctive name was "the Son of Man." In a humanity made sacramental through and through by its relation to its one priest and head there is poetry, but in sacramental institutions there is only sentiment. Yet everyone who creates a fit medium for our purer and more spontaneous religious emotions does us noble service. Here Miss Matheson has so succeeded as to deserve our gratitude, and we cordially commend her little volume to all who know the value and exceeding rarity of true songs of faith and love.

THREE NOVELS.

1. A Double Knot. By George Manville Fenn. Three vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.
2. Virginie. A Tale of One Hundred Years Ago. By Val Prinsep. Three vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1890.
3. Miss Nobody of Nowhere. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1890.

"A Double Knot" is certainly a clever novel. The plot is intricate and well managed. The story abounds in strong and exciting situations. There is a particularly good man-hunt in the third volume; the pursuit commences with cabs, goes on in a railway train, and finishes with a very pretty run across country. The reader's excitement is increased by the fact that he is not quite sure who the hunted man is, but the reader may possibly guess more than the pursuer did. Mr. Manville Fenn is apparently fond of a good chase. In the first volume a dog gets hunted, and richly deserves it, as at that time it was carrying away a baby with intent to devour it. In justice to the dog, we must admit that it was very hungry. Not only do we have two exciting pursuits, and follow the love-story of two sisters who have two aunts, but twice over a husband is prompted by a note to rush away and discover the fidelity or infidelity of his wife; while one of the many characters in the book—it would be difficult to say which of the many has the best claim to rank as the hero—is afflicted with a double. This is indeed "A Double Knot." But why was it not written by two authors—collaboration is getting to be very fashionable—and published in two volumes? Consistency is so beautiful.

The author aims at excitement first, and at other things afterwards. The natural result is that the plot deserves more praise than the style, the delineation of character, or the dialogue. The style is not habitually slipshod, but it is sometimes careless. The characters are not altogether the puppets of a melodrama, but we do meet in this book many people whom we have learned to know and hate in many other books. The author's great fault is his tendency to over-colour. Clotilde seems to us to be a very exaggerated character. When we first meet with her she suffers from a fit of passion and bites another girl's "soft round arm." We would not do her less justice than we have done to the hunted dog, so we must record that this happened before breakfast. At breakfast we learn that *two* caddy-spoonfuls of tea are placed in the pot, which is only another instance of the prevailing duality. But after breakfast, when Clotilde should be less hungry, she goes back to the bedroom and bites a pillow, also a counterpane. This is quite inexcusable.

Some readers will perhaps find the faithful record of vulgar matrimonial intrigues, which form part of the story, a little tiresome. Those who require the highest literary workmanship will be disappointed. The far larger class, however, who ask for nothing from a novel but excitement, will do well to read "A Double Knot." The last two volumes are better than the first. With all its faults, this is a clever and readable book.

The subject of "Virginie"—the French Revolution—suggests a comparison of this novel with some others of no small repute; it is a comparison, however, which this book will not bear. It shows a certain amount of promise; it is written, for instance, in a quiet, unaffected style, and there is abundant evidence that the writer has expended a considerable amount of study and care upon his work. But it is not a strong story, for various reasons. The scenes of which the author writes might have been made of the deepest interest, but here there is so little dramatic and descriptive power that they seem wearisome. The story is far too slight to require three volumes. Of its construction we could speak with greater confidence were it not that—owing, perhaps, to some mistake of the binder—several pages are omitted in the copy forwarded to us, at an important point in the third volume. We can recall no passage of deep pathos, and there is hardly a touch of humour in the book. The characters are shadowy and indistinct; they never get firm hold of the reader's sympathies. The hero and villain have no magnetic attraction and repulsion about them. In short, although the streets run with blood, and most excellent people go in danger of their life, and the villain only has one eye, the story is not romantic and not very interesting. Surely it is a mistake, by the way, to render the French second person singular by the English thou. "Thou" in English suggests strict Quakers, devotional exercises, tragedy, and general solemnity.

The author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Mr. Potter of Texas" has added to these romantic works "Miss Nobody of Nowhere." The front-kitchens that welcomed the first two books will find much the same characteristics in the third. The air of mystery, the easy satire, the entire absence of literary quality, will all help to ensure the popularity of "Miss Nobody of Nowhere" in the same circles where the author's previous work was popular. The villain makes plots; he has an ordnance map, as it were, of his future, which he has darkly and wickedly compiled for his own use, and by the help of which he guides his wicked course until the hero's turn comes, or the author thinks that he has given his readers their money's worth. In all such books the villain is the important personage. The hero is merely strong; the villain is deadly and clever, and has a black moustache. "Miss Nobody of Nowhere" does not differ greatly from the rest of its kind. There is some ingenuity shown in the construction of the exceedingly improbable plot. And of course the villain, scheme he never so carefully, comes to detection and retribution in the end:—

"To this Avonmere cries: 'I know what you mean! They'll murder me! My God! I will not go back.' And, springing to the door, half opens it, trying to escape; but in a moment the policeman and the deputy sheriff are upon him, and he is manacled."

So he bows his head and rolls his eyes, and subsequently gets killed by a railway train while attempting to escape. This shows us how mistaken a thing it is to be a villain and make plots. The book is a very moral book. It is also somewhat vulgar.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

The frankness and modesty of Mr. Hill's preface to his book of travel, "With the Beduins," in part disarms criticism; and, in truth, this narrative of holiday rambles in Syria is by no means so badly written as its author's plea of literary inexperience led us to expect. Mr. Hill is right in thinking that this lively and unpretending record will not serve the purposes of an ordinary guide-book; and its author sets up no claim to scholarship, nor was he fortunate enough to discover any long-lost inscription or other memorial of the past. Most of the places he describes are tolerably well known to travellers in the East, though some of them, such as Gaza, Hebron, Palmyra, Carmel, Nebo, and Baalbek, lie off the beaten track, and are rarely visited. That which appears to have impressed Mr. Hill most was the silent grandeur of mountains, around which linger imperishable associations, and ruined cities, grass-grown and deserted, which once were full of life and played a great part in shaping the destinies of the world. If there is no learning in the book, there is a great deal of lucidity—indeed, in a simple and straightforward fashion, and without waste of words, Mr. Hill contrives to give a vivid and realistic description of the Arab nomad tribes he encountered and the solitary fastnesses which he visited. He states that the insecurity caused by a weak and inert Government "dulls the edge of husbandry" throughout Syria, except round Lebanon, where, happily, a more settled condition of affairs prevails. Mr. Hill thinks that Macaulay would never have written that famous passage in his essay on Bacon, in which he compares the author of the "Novum Organum" to the great Hebrew law-giver standing on Pisgah, with a wilderness behind him, which the multitude alone could see, whilst he, from his lofty vantage-ground, beheld the winding river flowing through rich pastures, if he had ever visited Palestine. At the same time, what Moses did see was, no doubt, impressive enough, for the "Jordan valley is capable of the highest cultivation, and in all probability at the time of the Hebrew invasion it received it." Camping-out in Syria is attended with some risk, for armed outlaws are by no means unknown, and they sometimes descend like the wolf on the fold. Mr. Hill met with one or two unpleasant adventures of this sort, but he says that he looks forward with all the pleasures of hope to "again and again re-visiting a strangely attractive land." The volume contains a capital map of Syria and a number of good illustrations, and the closing pages are filled with a sheaf of stories quaint in style, generally shrewd, and often amusing, which were taken down from the lips of Abou Suleyman, a worthy with a decided turn for romance, whom Mr. Hill encountered in the course of his wanderings.

"The Spirit and Influence of Chivalry" is a title which suggests the winter syllabus of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, and Mr. Batty's volume on the subject heightens this first impression, since it deals with the subject in a crude and rhetorical fashion. He tells us at the outset that the essay was "originally composed" a quarter of a century ago, when the writer had not emerged from what he himself terms the romantic stage of life. The manuscript remained in not unmerited oblivion until quite recently, when the author—in a moment of weakness, we presume—rashly submitted it to the judgment of "several literary friends;" and they, of course, deemed it worthy of publication. Mr. Batty, however, appears to possess a degree of caution, and more common-sense, at all events, than his advisers, and therefore he set to work in cold blood to revise and, in a measure, to re-write it. Before "venturing to place it in the hands of a discerning and reading public," he hints that he toned down certain ideas in the essay, modified some "effusive expressions," and generally did his best to render his work irreproachable. Unfortunately, he made the unwelcome discovery that the original manuscript required to be eked out by supplementary chapters, if the promise of the "prospectus" was to be redeemed. In this dilemma the writings of Froissart, Gibbon, Lacroix, Ashmole, were ransacked for illustrative extracts; and even such unimpeachable authorities on the subject as the *Saturday Review*, *Harper's Magazine*, and last, but not least, the *Daily Telegraph*, were placed under requisition. After all this, it is melancholy to be forced to add that the book is commonplace, superficial, florid, and generally unsatisfactory.

In a handy volume, plentifully provided with coloured maps and diagrams, Mr. Scott Keltie makes a new and ingenious departure in the practical application of the science with which his name is so honourably associated. The aim of "Applied Geography" is to point out the bearings of geographical knowledge on human interests, on the course of history, and more especially on the progress of commerce and colonisation. Mr. Keltie quotes with approval the view that geography is the physical basis of history, and he thinks that its ultimate task is to study everything that bears on the interaction between man and his topographical surroundings. The work does not claim to be a text-book of commercial geography, but it traces in outline the growth and development of commerce, especially in so far as that has been dependent on geographical exploration and geographical conditions. Mr. Keltie also endeavours to show in greater detail the methods in which geographical knowledge may be applied in a practical way to the operations of industry and commerce. There is truth in the assertion that one reason why the Germans are proving such formidable rivals to us in the markets of the world is to be found in the fact that their manufacturers and merchants are better informed on all that relates to commercial geography. Perhaps the gist of Mr. Keltie's able and closely reasoned contention is expressed in the following sentence, which we take from the close of the book:—"The business of geography is to deal with the earth's surface, and with the topographical relations of all the features which are found upon it; and it therefore seems to be an axiom that its bearings on commercial interest ought to be of the most intimate character." In his view, commerce is not merely the outcome of geography, but to a large extent its practical application, and he illustrates this position by a wide and interesting appeal to facts.

"Liberty and a Living" is the attractive title of a dainty little book which recounts the history of a bold experiment. Mr. Philip G. Hubert was at one time a New York journalist; but he got tired of the drudgery of his calling, and just as the nervous strain of long-continued excitement, worry, and irregular hours were beginning to tell, he cut himself adrift from the city, and in a literal sense betook himself to "fresh woods and pastures new." The book is precisely what it professes to be—the "record of an attempt to secure bread-and-butter, sunshine and content, by gardening, fishing, and hunting." Carlyle called Thoreau a "skulker," and Mr. Hubert—who regards the Concord mystic as a hero—is inclined to think that nearly all the business men of America, if they knew anything at all about Emerson's unconventional neighbour and friend, would probably describe him by the hardly less expressive epithet of "loafer." In these pages Thoreau is described as the first Protestant of America, a man who by precept and example protested against the sordid materialism which is the bane of the nation. Thoreau rebelled against the yoke of custom, and preferred a "calm, unfettered life among green trees to dull toiling at the counter of a bank," and forty years later the author of this volume paid him the compliment of imitation. Unlike Thoreau, Mr. Hubert however had given hostages to fortune, but he apparently has had no reason to regret the moment when he slipped the collar of professional work and established himself in modest quarters in an out-of-the-way corner of Long Island. He gives an extremely lively and attractive picture of the kind of existence he has now led for a considerable term of years, and it is quite evident that in his case at least the experiment—in spite of drawbacks which are honestly stated—has been a conspicuous success. Like a sensible man, however, he did not cut himself entirely off from the town, but contrived to keep himself in touch with its thought, and in a measure with its work. The book is well worth reading, and it shows that the author, like Thoreau, has "a strain of the wild man" in his bright and independent nature.

So far as we are aware, Daniel Defoe's "Account of the Conduct and Proceedings of the Pirate Gow" has never been reprinted, and the only original copy of the curious pamphlet known to be in existence is fortunately in safe keeping in the British Museum. The pamphlet was first printed in 1725 by John Applebee, of Blackfriars. Applebee was the publisher of a "weekly journal" which bore his own name, and he also printed some, at least, of the official papers issued from Newgate; and he appears, moreover, to have done a roaring trade by the issue of catch-penny broad-sheets, containing the last dying speeches or confessions of notorious criminals. Defoe wrote for *Applebee's Journal*, and the pamphlet on Gow appeared in the year in which "Jonathan Wild" was published. "Mr. Applebee, or anyone authorised to represent him, had access to the prisoners in Newgate during all the six years that Defoe was connected with the management of the journal." It is believed that in familiar talks with pirates shut up within the grim walls of Newgate, Defoe gained that knowledge of plantation and criminal life which he afterwards used to so much advantage. Captain Gow was, indeed, what Defoe calls him, an "outrageous pirate," and the "horrid murthers" perpetrated by him and the gang of ruffians who sailed with him in the *Revenge* are related with a realism which can only be described as blood-curdling. Since there appears to be no reason to doubt that Defoe was the author of this characteristic specimen of the "Jack Sheppard" literature of the eighteenth century, many people will be glad to possess the slim little volume which reproduces the spelling, type, and paper of the original.

* With the Beduins: a Narrative of Journeys and Adventures in Unfrequented Parts of Syria. By Gray Hill. Maps and Illustrations. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Royal 8vo. (15s.)

The Spirit and Influence of Chivalry. By John Batty, Author of "The History of Bothwell," etc. London: Elliot Stock. 12mo.

Applied Geography, with Maps and Diagrams. By J. Scott Keltie. London: George Philip & Son. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

Liberty and a Living. By Philip G. Hubert. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo. (1s. 6d.)

An Account of the Conduct and Proceedings of the Pirate Gow. By Daniel Defoe. Reprinted from the Original Edition, with Preface and Notes. London: H. Sotheran & Co., 136, Strand. Demy 8vo.